THE

BOIT FAMILY

BY

ROBERT A. BOIT

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THE BOIT FAMILY

AND THEIR

DESCENDANTS

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CHRONICLES

OF THE

BOIT FAMILY

AND THEIR

DESCENDANTS

AND OF OTHER

ALLIED FAMILIES

BY

ROBERT APTHORP BOIT

OF

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

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THIS BOOK is lovingly dedicated to the oldest and dearest friend of my long life — Mrs. Arthur (Boit) Hunnewell.

ROBERT APTHORP BOIT

April 29, 1915.

Preface

THIS book is written primarily for the sake of my children who know little or nothing of their ancestry, and to them it is addressed. But it is also intended for my grandchildren and those who may follow them — especially those of the name of Boit if such there be.

If they read these pages they will learn that very few of their ancestral relations, on my side of the house, have distinguished themselves in public life, but that they have been respectable and well-educated ladies and gentlemen with good positions in the communities in which they have lived.

Many of them have shown literary and artistic tastes, and some few have been well-known writers and painters.

So far as I have studied them I have found little to condemn and much to praise in their refined and simple lives. Some have been rich and some poor, but I have failed to discover records of any who were not respectable and respected.

Of all among them there is little doubt but that John Boit, of Boston, master-mariner, led the most adventurous and exciting life. He proved himself to be a brave and intelligent man — able to cope with man and circumstance — and full of that literary taste so often found among his descendants. I hope when my children and their children have read what I have written

of him, they, too, may feel a little of my own pride in him and his career.

Mere sequences of genealogy make dull reading. Therefore I have tried as much as possible, by anecdote and incident and personal reflections to lighten up my story.

Judging from my own feelings about my own ancestors, I suppose some day, here and there, a descendant of mine may wish to catch a glimpse of what my own life was. Indeed, I have loved my life, and taken a keen interest and enjoyment in many things. I have included herein a brief synopsis of it. If in so doing I may seem to have over-exalted or been too praiseful of myself, I have failed in my purpose, for I fully appreciate the fact that my interests have been too diversified for me to have achieved real success in anything. However, I have entire confidence that however I may have written, I shall be criticized by my readers as they see fit.

My facts and fancies have been taken from family legends and manuscripts, from old Boston records and from incidents within my own personal knowledge.

At the end of the book I have given a list of references and many genealogical tables. For the tables of the Sturgis and White familes I am much indebted to Mr. Francis S. Sturgis of Boston, and Mr. Howard Sturgis of Windsor, England; for those of the Mercer and Griffin families of Virginia, to my sister-in-law Mary Stuart (Mercer) Walker of Morristown, New Jersey.

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CHRONICLES

OF

THE BOIT FAMILY

AND OTHER

ALLIED FAMILIES

JOHN BOIT (1)

IN AMERICA

Chapter I

YOUR great-great-grandfather, John Boit (1), was of French and English extraction. He was the son of Jacque Boit of Gruchet in Normandy, France, and Susan Shawd of Rigate in Surrey, England. References to the records of these Boits will be found in my list of references at the end of the book.

The first record which I have succeeded in finding of the family of Boit in England, is in the register of the French Church, Threadneedle Street, London, in 1675, 1675
of Jeane Boite, "a witness to the baptism of Jeane Caterine fille de Pierre Castille and Caterine Bellier sa femme."

In the "Domizations and Naturalizations of Aliens in England and Ireland," Joseph Boitte is entered March 5, 1690, and also in "1698 Joseph Boit born at Luc (Le 1690 1698
Luc) in Provence, in France, son of Matthew Boit and Clara his wife."

Therefore, some of the Boit family in England came from the very loveliest part of France, bordering the Mediterranean, just back of the *Riviera*, and not far east of Toulon.

In the Northeast of London is Spitalfields, which derives its name from the Hospital of St. Mary founded
1197 in 1197. Thither came many French émigrés after the
1685 revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685, and here they established those silk manufactories which have been famous even unto this day. Here Jacque Boit and his wife Susanne Shawd gave birth to their numer-
1738 ous family, and between the years 1738 and 1750 had
1750 them baptized in the Church of La Patente, as its registers show.

Whether John Boit (1) came direct from London to Boston, or first to the West Indies and thence to Boston is not clearly established. As he was always a West India merchant from the time he first came to Boston, as a young man, it is by no means unlikely he prepared himself for this business by a sojourn in the West Indies.

My father, who took very little interest in genealogy, was under the impression that the Boits were of Scotch origin, and of the same name and descent as the Boyds. But although it is said that the Boyds were descended from Robert Boyt or Boit or Boyd or Boydell — meaning Robert the Fair — my own study of the family leads me to believe they are of the above said French origin, from Huguenots who settled in England. Both my father's father and mother died in his early youth, which accounts in a measure for his lack of correct information regarding the history of his family.

There have been marked characteristics in the Boit family, which have seemed to me strikingly French — and notably among them, their hot tempers, and gaiety, and humor, and ready wit — traits conspicuous in very many of them.

Charles Boit, the miniature painter, one of the greatest of his day, was, I do not doubt, of this same origin. He was born of French parentage in Stockholm, whither his parents went at about the same period that the first Boits migrated to England. When he was twenty years old, in 1683, he, too, went to England 1683
to become a painter. He began by giving drawing-lessons to children and young people. He fell in love with one of his pupils, who was the daughter of some prominent English gentleman, and they were about to elope, when the plot was discovered by her family, and young Boit was seized and cast into prison. He remained in prison for two years, and while there devoted himself to the study of enamelling, in which he afterwards became famous.

It was not many years before his talent was recognized in England and he was patronized by the Court. He was greatly admired by Sir Horace Walpole, who bought several examples of his work. Walpole said that up to that time his enamels had never been surpassed. For some of his enamelled portraits he received as much as £500 apiece, which was a very high price for such work. On a large picture he was painting for Royalty

he was advanced, at first, £1,000, and then, again, £700, but he never finished it. There were portraits by him at Kensington and at Bedford House. Walpole said that Miss Reade, the paintress, had a very fine head of Boit's own daughter enamelled by him from a picture by Dahl. This daughter married a Mr. Graham of London.

Boit's principal enamel is one of the Imperial family of Austria, and is in Vienna. It is on gold and is twelve inches wide by eighteen inches high. At what was known as the Strawberry Hill sale, a miniature by Boit, of Cromwell after Cooper, was sold for twenty-six guineas. This is no doubt the miniature (enamel) by Charles Boit which was owned by my Aunt Julia (Boit) Sturgis, wife of Russell Sturgis of London. Before her death she gave it to your Uncle Edward Boit, who in turn presented it to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, where it is to be seen. It is very beautiful.

Charles Boit got into debt in England and fled to France, where he was received and countenanced by the Regent, and given an apartment and a pension of £250 per annum. He was greatly patronized by the French
1717 Court and became a member of the Academy in 1717.
1726 He died in Paris in 1726, when he was sixty-three years old.

Your great-great-grandfather, John Boit (1), was born
1733 in 1733 and came to Boston between 1755 and 1760,
1760 at the age of twenty-five or thirty. In the records of the day he is spoken of as a trader, a grocer, and a

merchant. Although he became a prominent merchant in Boston, he certainly was not recorded as a citizen until during the Revolution, if at all. This is shown by the following interesting petition of certain citizens of Boston to the assessors of the town :

"Gentlemen it is our opinion that the following persons, inhabitants of other towns in this or neighboring states, ought to be taxed here, for the real estate they occupy and the business they do here, it being agreeable to law, viz: Archibald Mercer, William Eskine, Henry Michel, . . . Blair, Henry Livingston, *John Boit.*

Signed:

JOHN SCOLLAY, SAM AUSTIN, HARBOTTLE DORR,
THOMAS GRENOUGH, JONATHAN WILLIAMS"

August 18, 1777. 1777

After this he was regularly taxed, and taxed, and it was apparent from the amount of his taxes that he was among those of the largest means in Boston at that time. However, we must not forget that then the civil population of Boston probably did not exceed eight or ten thousand inhabitants. General Gage had a census of the civilian population of Boston taken in 1775 and 1775
found it to be — or reported to be — sixty-five hundred and seventy-three. Earlier than that, however, the population of Boston had been from eighteen thousand to twenty thousand, and in 1783 it was said to have been 1783
again eighteen thousand; while twenty years later it had

risen to thirty-five thousand. It is very hard to realize in these days what a little place Boston was at the time of the Revolution.

Paul Revere speaks of John Boit as one of Boston's leading citizens.

At the outbreak of the Revolution John Boit (1) was nearly fifty years of age, and his sons thirteen and two years old, which no doubt accounts for the fact that they took no active part in the military affairs of the time.

This great-great-grandfather of yours was, as I have said, a merchant and importer, dealing chiefly in "East and West India" goods. Early in life his store was near the market (Faneuil Hall), but later he bought a store on Doane's Wharf to be near his vessels and their cargoes, and it happened that in one of the lofts of this store he died. He was a successful man, and owned, and dealt in real estate in addition to his regular business. He lived in a good-sized house on Green Lane — now Green Street — with land running down to the Mill
1782 Pond as it was called. Later, in 1782, he purchased this house and land from the owner, one Perez Morton, and
1797 when he put a mortgage on it, in 1797, he stated that he was still living there.

This Mill Pond was a large sheet of water stretching from land on Green Lane to the foot of Copp's Hill, covering all the low-lying lands of the present Haymarket Square and adjacent streets. It was cut off from the Charles River by a dike nearly half a mile long at or near

Causeway Street where the present North Station fronts. Several tide-water mills were built where the sluice-ways of this pond entered the river. This part of the town with Cambridge Street, Leverett Street and others was sometimes called West Boston.

Oddly enough in the Registry of Deeds is a deed entered on July 26, 1784, by this great-great-grandfather of 1784
yours, John Boit (1), and another great-great-grandfather of two of you children, Nathaniel Willis, transferring property of theirs on Hanover Street and the Mill Pond to the Masonic Lodge.

I found also another deed of this John Boit witnessed by Eliza Apthorp, a woman of the same name as that of the wife of the man — Robert E. Apthorp — after whom, three generations later, I was myself named.

March 15, 1782, the General Court determined to 1782
raise eighty-five men for the army for three years' service, and divided Boston into eighty-five classes for that purpose — each class to pay for one man. In Ward 7 John Boit (1) was taxed £12 14s. 6d. for this purpose — one of the heaviest taxes paid in his class.

I find that in 1785 his taxes were higher than those 1785
of Martin Brimmer, or Daniel Hubbard, (another great-grandfather of mine) or than those of many other prominent men. Yet, if one can judge from the tax lists, the property of Boston's leading citizens was exceedingly small at that time. Of course this, in a measure, may have been due to the method of assessment; but

we must not forget that this was shortly after the close of the Revolution, when the inhabitants of the whole country had been reduced to very meagre belongings. Ten thousand dollars assessed valuation seemed to indicate a relatively large estate in those days.

According to the records, at about this time, John Boit had ten in his household, and a man-servant and carriage. My father, who was not born for a long time after his grandfather died, said that he was reputed to have been a handsome and dignified man, very particular about his dress, and a noticeable figure among the men of his day. Certainly the dress of that period must have set off at his best a man with a good carriage and figure. Stocks, and ruffled shirts, and low-cut buff waistcoats, and blue swallow-tailed coats with brass buttons, and low-cut shoes with shiny buckles, and knee-breeches, and silk stockings would not now strike us as very well adapted to the hustling and bustling of our every-day down-town life. Yet thus the Boston gentlemen of that day dressed. No doubt they had more time to spare and devoted more of it to their elaborate dress, and comported themselves generally with more dignity than we do.

In those days, before marriage, it was the custom in Boston to publish one's "marriage intentions," and on
1762 the 17th of June, 1762, John Boit (1) published his intention to marry Hannah Atkins of Boston. Her father was Henry Atkins and her mother Deliverance (Sears) Atkins.

Although I have not the date of the wedding, it is evident they carried out their intentions in good faith, for in the course of a year or so thereafter, their first child, Henry, was baptized in the Second Church.

This church was afterwards called the New Brick Church, on Hanover Street, and in it most of John Boit's (1) children were baptized. This was the church of the Mathers and Chandler Robbins. It is now at the corner of Marlborough and Berkeley Streets. It had a distinguished history in our Colonial times, and is well worth visiting for its tablets and monuments to eminent men.

However, in later life he changed his parish, for I find when he died, "John Boit, merchant, 65 years, December 31, 1798" was buried at King's Chapel, according 1798
to the records of that church. There also, thirty-one years afterward, was buried his son "John Boit, Master Mariner, 56 years, March 10, 1829." 1829

The first son of John Boit (1) and Hannah Atkins was Henry, born in 1763. For a while he followed the sea, 1763
but left it when he was still young, and married a Spanish woman. They settled in Barcelona, Spain, where he had children. I know nothing of his family, though my father, who was his nephew, said that while in India, when a young man, he met an old gentleman from Barcelona, who said he knew his Uncle Henry well, and that he had two very beautiful daughters. My father never but once saw his uncle. He was then passing through Boston on his way to Cuba, or other of the

West India Islands, to look after some of his wife's property. This was when my father was a boy. I have heard it said he died on his journey home.

In the army of Don Carlos, the Spanish Pretender, there was a General Boit, and I have often wondered if it could be a son or grandson of this great-uncle of mine. The name is peculiar, and it well might be. Thus there are possible Barcelona relatives whom you may come across some day in your wanderings.

The oldest daughter of John Boit (1) and Hannah (Sears) Atkins was Hannah, who was baptized on the
1765 24th of February, 1765. She was brought up in Boston, and at the best schools of the day, and of course in her youth went through all the most troublous times in the history of the city, for she was eleven when the Revolution began. Imagine the excitement of a young girl of her age, when Paul Revere's ride was talked over at her father's fireside: when she saw the defeated British troops trailing back into Boston after the Concord fight: when she heard the guns of the battle of Bunker Hill, and stood in the garden by the Mill Pond listening, and wondering how the tide of battle would turn. How she must have rejoiced, when she saw the British in their ships leaving the little town, and Washington with his Revolutionary Army entering it.

She lived through those times of war and excitement and distress, and when she was twenty-four years old,
1789 September 27, 1789, she married Mr. Crowell Hatch in

the West Church. He came from Cape Cod and had started to make his living by the seas. He finally had become one of the largest ship owners and richest men of his day. He was much older than Hannah Boit when he married her. He built a large house on Fort Hill, (which hill has since been levelled), with terraces running down to the waters of Boston Harbor. It was said to have been surrounded by piazzas "like a Southern house." I think this house was afterwards bought by Thomas Handyside Perkins and is described in the letters or reminiscences of one of Dr. Hugh Cabot's ancestors, who was the wife or daughter of this Mr. Perkins.

These Hatches had a large family, but it ran to girls, and so far as I know, none of their descendants are now to be found in or about Boston.

At one time I corresponded with a Mrs. General Chamberlayne, of Cuba, Allegheny County, New York, who was a granddaughter of Hannah (Boit) Hatch. She was an interesting and intelligent woman and had much to tell me of her branch of the family. Among other things, that one daughter of Crowell Hatch and Hannah Boit, Ellen Mary by name, had married Hamilton Gibbs of Boston, whose father was an aide-de-camp of General Washington.

She also told me that Hannah (Sears-Atkins) Boit's cousin, named Delia Atkins, had married Judge Tudor, (at one time Advocate-general, but never entitled to his nickname of Judge), and that their daughter Delia

married Commodore Charles Stewart, and again that the daughter of Commodore Stewart and Delia Tudor married a Mr. Parnell and was the mother of Charles Stewart Parnell, the celebrated Irishman. The son of the so-called Judge Tudor was, I understand, the father of Mr. Frederic Tudor, who made a fortune shipping ice to the East Indies, and was the father of my friend, William Tudor, who married my cousin, Elizabeth Whitwell.

Crowell Hatch was part owner of the ship Columbia, of which more anon.

1814 Crowell Hatch died in Jamaica Plain in 1814.

Mrs. General Chamberlayne, who was, as I have said, his granddaughter through Hannah Boit, wrote me:

"I have heard my mother speak of the ship Columbia and Captain Gray's discovery. After his return Grandfather Hatch bought out the other owners and sent Captain Gray back with a cargo of presents and bought the lands for millions of acres from the Indians. I have seen the title deeds with the totems of the Indians signing it. When the northwestern boundary was settled by America and England, it was this discovery which gave the country to the United States. Congress gave Captain Gray a pension, but took our lands and never paid us a cent. Congress is not fond of paying just debts."

Hannah (Sears-Atkins) Boit, the first wife of John Boit (1) died at the birth of her third child, who was
1767 named John, and baptized March 8, 1767. What became of this John is not known. A John Boit grew up in Groton whose age seemed to correspond with this,

and whose descendants claimed he was the son of our John Boit (1). Of course this may be, although there are no records of him in our family, and he was not mentioned in the will of our John Boit (1). Of this John Boit of Groton there are no male descendants living of the name of Boit.

On the 3d of August, 1769, in the New North Church, your great-great-grandfather John Boit (1) married for his second wife, Sarah Brown of Boston. They were married by the Reverend Andrew Elliot. It is from this wife we were descended. 1769

The first child of this second marriage was Sarah, named after her mother. She was baptized in the New Brick Church on the 24th of June, 1770, and when she was nearly twenty, in May, 1790, she married John Duballet, who is represented in the records of the time as a "wealthy French gentleman." He lived in a "large new house" on Green Lane next to John Boit (1), and had many dealings in real estate with his young wife's father. Let us trust it was not on this account, that Mr. Duballet, not long after his marriage, concluded to return with his wife to his native country. They settled in Bordeaux, France, where various members of the family went to stay with them from time to time. They both died in Bordeaux, and I think left no children. 1770

The second child of John Boit (1) and Sarah Brown was Rebecca, who was baptized on the 26th of April, 1772, in the New Brick Church. There are no records 1772

of this young girl's life who lived through such a stormy period in Boston, other than that she died in March,
1793 1793, when she was twenty-one years old, and that she was buried at King's Chapel.

The third child of John Boit's (1) second marriage was
1774 John Boit (2) born on the 15th of October, 1774, and baptized on the 17th day of the same month in the New Brick Church. This was about two years before the outbreak of the Revolution. This young gentleman was to have the honor of being your great-grandfather.

The fourth child of John Boit (1) and Sarah Brown was Mary — or Polly as she was baptized on the 12th of
1776 May, 1776. Mary Boit was never married, but lived until
1833 1833. She passed the last part of her life in Weymouth, Massachusetts, and left her property to the descendant's of her father's children by his first wife, Hannah Atkins.

I think I have now given the story of all the children of John Boit (1), except that of his son by Sarah Brown John Boit (2), your great-grandfather.

JOHN BOIT (2)

BORN OCTOBER 15, 1774

Chapter II

WHEN John Boit (2) was born there were four older children in the house. His half-brother Henry, who was eleven, his half-sister Hannah who was nine, his sister Sarah, four, and his sister Rebecca, two. I can see these young children during the summer before his birth playing on the little lawn behind the house on Green Lane, and sailing their boats on the broad waters of the Mill Pond. I can see their pretty young mother on the piazza, busy with her spinning wheel, watching the children at play on the banks of the pond, and thinking and hoping that the child to come might prove to be a boy.

Perhaps in the cool of the late afternoon she would walk with her older children up over Beacon Hill to the Common to watch the manœuvres of the red-coats and their officers. For during the summer of 1774 there 1774
were four regiments of British troops encamped on Boston Common, besides three companies of artillery with twenty cannon; and this large body of hostile foreign soldiers and their daily doings must have been of unflagging interest to the youth of the town.

This was four years after that March 4, 1770, when 1770

the Boston Massacre aroused such a strong feeling of hostility in the hearts of the citizens. And, again, it was only just ten months before John Boit (2) was born,
1773 that on the night of December 16, 1773, the Boston Tea-party took place, when some forty young men — representing Mohawk Indians — boarded at their docks the British ships, Dartmouth, Eleanor, and Beaver, and threw overboard, into the waters of Boston Harbor, their cargoes of tea. I recall these things to try to bring before you more vividly the conditions of this little town, when John Boit (2) was born on the 15th of October,
1774 1774, and less than one year before his eldest sister, Hannah, stood by the Mill Pond listening to the guns at
1775 Bunker Hill, on the 17th of June, 1775.

Of how he was taught or to what schools of Boston John Boit (2) was sent we have no definite record. But during his young life, the Boston Latin School, situated on School Street, where the lower end of the Parker House now stands, and opposite the rear end of King's Chapel, was the leading school in Boston.

No doubt this is the school where he was educated in his youth and at his death, in old age, he was buried at King's Chapel directly across the street. It seems strange that with all his years of wandering to the ends of the earth, he should have come back at last and been buried within a hundred feet of the spot where his school days had been passed.

Of the fact that his education had been well grounded,

his journals and log books bear ample testimony. He was fond of literature and did a great deal of reading on his long voyages. He also had a taste for poetry, and besides copying verses of others in his log books, he wrote many lines of his own, some of which I shall quote from later on and believe you will, with me, think there is a very pleasant flavor of the sea about them.

His father was a large importer, as I have said; his older brother Henry took to the sea in his youth; his brother-in-law was an owner of ships, so it was not unnatural that he too should have been filled with the spirit of adventure at an early age, and consumed with the desire to get to sea. The smell of the sea was in his nostrils and we all know what that is to men born on our New England coast. The opportunity came to him when he was sixteen, in 1790, when his brother-in-law, 1790
Crowell Hatch, was fitting out the ship Columbia for her second voyage of circumnavigation. He begged his father and brother-in-law to let him go with her, even if it were before the mast. They decided not to permit him to do that, but concluded to appoint him fifth officer under Captain Gray, the commander.

The ship Columbia was bound round the Horn to the northwest coast of America, where she proposed to purchase a cargo of furs (preferably sealskins) from the natives for blue cloth, ten-penny nails, trinkets and other trifles prized by the Indians. Thence they would proceed to China, and there trade their furs for spices,

teas, silks, and such other products of the East as in those days found a ready sale in our home markets.

This was the second circumnavigating voyage of the ship Columbia. On her first expedition she was the first ship to carry the United States flag round the world. On that same first voyage she had brought to Boston a prince of the Sandwich Islands, the son of King Kamahamaha, at the request of his father, and on their arrival the officials of Boston met them at Long Wharf in great pomp, and it is said that the prince, in a fine Sandwich Island dress made wholly of feathers, marched up State Street on the arm of the Mayor.

On her first voyage, Captain John Kendrick had started in command of her and her consort, Lady Washington, whose Captain was Robert Gray, but on the northwest coast Captain Kendrick turned the Columbia over to Captain Gray and took possession of the Lady Washington and traded with her, but never reported again to her owners, nor returned to New England. He was killed aboard of her in the Sandwich Islands by a salute fired by an English vessel, lying nearby, one gun being loaded by mistake.

The ship Columbia was built on the North River, near Scituate and Plymouth, Mass. It is now a little stream wholly unnavigable, but in those days many vessels were built on its banks.

On referring to your great-grandfather's journal of the voyage of the Columbia, I find that the ship sailed

from Boston, September 28, 1790, when he was only sixteen years old, as I have said; yet his handwriting is good and well-formed. His journal heading is as follows: 1790

"REMARKS ON THE SHIP COLUMBIA'S VOYAGE FROM BOSTON (ON A VOYAGE ROUND THE GLOBE)"—By John Boit, Jr.

"The ship Columbia was fitted out for a four years' cruise on a trading voyage to the Northwest coast of America, China, etc. — about 250 tons burthen, mounted 12 carriage guns, and navigated with 50 men (including officers) — owned chiefly by Sam'l Brown, Joseph Barrell and Crowell Hatch, Esq^re^ — and commanded by Robert Gray — cargo consisted of blue cloth, copper, iron, etc."

This great-grandfather of yours was himself in command of a vessel off Cape Horn on his twenty-first birthday. They were men in those days!

This day he reports in his journal as follows:

"April 23, 1791 "(Aboard Columbia.) 1791

"Between the hours of three and four P. M. departed this life our dear friend *Nancy* the *Goat*, having been the Captain's companion on a former voyage round the Globe; but her spirited disposition for adventure led her to undertake a second voyage of circumnavigation. But the various changes of climate, and sudden transition from the Polar colds to the Tropical heats of the Torrid Zone, proved too much for a constitution naturally delicate. At 5 P. M. committed her body to the deep. She was lamented by those who got a share of her *milk!*"

He had a pretty humor for a boy of sixteen. No doubt this quotation is trivial, but it has a personal touch that brings him near to us.

Again from the journal Columbia's Voyage:

1792 "May 12, 1792 — W. Long. 46° 7′ — Lat. 122° 47′

"DISCOVERY OF COLUMBIA RIVER"

"This day saw an appearance of a spacious harbour abrest the ship. Haul'd our wind for it — Observed two sand bars making off with a passage between them to a fine river. Out pinnace and sent her in ahead & followed with the Ship under short sail — Carried in from ½ three to 7 fm. and when over the bar had 10 fm. Water quite fresh — The River extended to the N.E^{t} as far as the eye could reach and water fit to drink as far down as the Bars at the entrance. We directed our course up this noble river in search of a village. The beach was lined with natives who ran along shore following the Ship. Soon after above 20 canoes came off, and brought a good lot of furs and Salmon — which last they sold two for a board nail. The furs we likewise bought cheap for copper and cloth. They appeared to view the ship with the greatest astonishment, and no doubt we was the first civilized people that they ever saw. . . . At length we arrived opposite to a large village, situate on the North Side of the River about 5 leagues from the entrance. Came too in 10 fm. Sand. . . . The river at this place was about 4 miles over. We purchased 4 Otter skins for

a sheet of copper — Beaver skins 2 spikes each and other land furs 1 spike each. We lay in this place till the 20th May. . . . The natives talked the same language as those further south but we could not learn it. Observed that the canoes that came down River brought no Otter skins, & I believe the Otter constantly keeps in salt water — They however always came well stocked with land furs & capital Salmon. The tide set down the whole time and was rapid — whole trees sometimes come down with the stream. . . . On the 15th took up the anchor & stood up River. . . . I landed abrest the ship with Capt. Gray to view the country and take possession, leaving charge with the 2d Officer — Found much clear ground fit for cultivation & the woods mostly clear from underbrush. None of the natives came near us.

"May 18 — Shifted the Ship's berth to her old station abrest the village *Chinoak* commanded by a Chief named Polacki. . . . Capt. Gray named this River Columbia's & the North Entrance Cape Hancock and the South Point Adams. This River in my opinion would be a fine place to set up a Factory. . . . The River abounds with excellent Salmon and the woods with plenty of Moose and Deer, the skins of which was brought us in great plenty . . . in short a factory set up here and another at Hancock's River in the Queen Charlotte Isles would engross the whole trade of the N. W. Coast, with the help of a few small coasting vessels.

"May 20 — This day left Columbia's River and stood

clear of the bars. . . . The men at Columbia's River are straight lim'd, fine looking fellows & the women are very pretty. They are all in the state of nature, except the females, who wear a leaf apron — perhaps 't was a fig leaf."

"COLUMBIA AT ST. HELENA NEARLY THREE YEARS AFTER LEAVING BOSTON"

1793 "May 25, 1793

"I must confess that I was agreeably supprized on landing at Jamestown — For from the appearance it has from the ship at anchor, you feel prepossessed against it, but to me on shore it was quite a pleasant place, and the sight of an English Lady made my heart feel — all in an *uproar* — & alas! the poor Sandwich Isle Girls were utterly forgot — So it is — and we cannot help it!"

The young man was not nineteen.

. . . . . .

"COLUMBIA ENTERING BOSTON HARBOR"

1793 "July 25, 1793 — At 8 A. M. a pilot came aboard and took charge to take the Ship to Boston. At meridien passed the Lighthouse with a light air from Eastward. At 6 we passed Castle William & gave a federal salute which was returned. . . . At 7 anchored off the Long wharf in the Stream & saluted the town with 11 guns which was returned from the wharves with three welcome '*Huzzas.*' . . . Of course we have lost one complete day.

It was Friday at Boston and Thursday with us. It is impossible to express our feelings at again meeting with our friends. But the loss of an affectionate and much lov'd sister during my absence was a great obstacle to the happiness I should otherwise have enjoyed.

"So ends remarks on Columbia's voyage."

This voyage of the Columbia was adventurous and successful, but I have not the space to describe it more fully.

Following his voyage in the ship Columbia he made a second circumnavigating voyage in command of the sloop Union.

He describes his preparation for this voyage and the vessel itself as follows :

"SLOOP UNION'S CIRCUMNAVIGATING VOYAGE"

"In July 1794, I took charge of the Sloop Union, burthen 98 tons, she then laying at Newport, Rhode Isle; Bound for a voyage to the N.W^t Coast of America, China, Isle of France & back to Boston. Owned by Crowell Hatch and Caleb Gardner Esq^re Employed during the months of July, and beginning of August, giving the Sloop a complete overhaul for a Circumnavigating Voyage, and in taking on board Stores and Provisions for three years, likewise a Cargo consisting of Sheet Copper, Bar Iron, Blue cloth, Blankets, Trinkets of various kinds &c., &c. All which articles were suitable for traffic with the N.W^t Indians, for furs proper for the Canton markett. The Sloop was completely fitted for the Voyage, with a crew of 22 in number. Had good quarters and mounted ten Carriage Guns and Eight Swivells on the rails. 1794

1794 On the 28th August '94 Got under way and dropt into Coasters Harbour, and got in readiness for Sea.

"JOHN BOIT."

"Adieu to the pretty girls of Newport."

I judge from John Boit's (2) accounts that ships in those days bound for the Horn, made first for the Cape de Verde Islands, off the African coast, and thence took the "Trades" to the Faulkner Islands on the south-east coast of South America. It was on this cruise that his twenty-first birthday was passed off Cape Horn.

I shall give a few extracts from this remarkable voyage:

"Barrell's Sound, Charlotte Islands.

1794 "June 19, 1794 — At six P. M. came to anchor behind an island. . . . Sound 9 fm. water, sand & shells, in an excellent harbour. . . . Vast many natives alongside, but seem to have few skins. Coyar the chief did not come off. . . . Keep a strong watch, with boarding nettings up, as this is the identical spot where the Indians tried to cut off Capt. Kendrick in the Brig Lady Washington. . . . Many natives off in the morning and brought a few skins which we purchas'd at a dear rate, — these fellows brought us ship's chain bolts and other iron work which made me mistrust that they had either cut off some vessel or else some ship had been lost on the coast.

"June 20 — . . . At one P. M. a canoe came off from the village, and informed the natives alongside, that two of their women was drowned, by a canoe oversetting. —

Purchased this day but few skins.— A chief by name Hawk Eye appeared to be head man of the sound, and Coyar the 2d. At midnight two large canoes passed under our stern. The Indians was crying and hooping; therefore let them pass in peace, as I supposed they was about burying the drowned women.

"At daylight many canoes came off, and appeared to be armed, better than common — they brought a great many otter skins alongside, but would not sell them without they were suffered to bring them on deck. This was of course refused. The natives seemed anxious for me to wood and water, and offered to assist. Their whole conduct appeared to me *mysterious*, therefore kept a good lookout after them — and prepared against surprise.

"June 21 — . . . Calm and pleasant, above forty canoes came into the cove, full of Indians, (at least 300 men) — immediately suspected by their manouvres that they meant to attack the Union — Called all hands to quarters. Eight Chiefs were on board at this time who began to be very saucy . . . and the war canoes kept pressing alongside, and the Indians, getting upon the nettings. Hawk Eye the head Chief began the attack by seizing Mr. Hudson, the 2d officer, at the same time the Indians alongside attempted to board, with most hideous yells. However we soon paid them for their timerity. I killed their 1st Chief Hawk Eye in the 2d mate's arms, while they was struggling together. The rest of the Chiefs on deck was knocked down and

wounded and we killed from the nettings, and in the canoes alongside about 40 more, when they retreated; at which time I could have killed 100 more, with my grape shot, but I let Humanity prevail — and ceased firing. At six P. M. a small canoe came off with two Indians in her, holding green bows (Emblems of Peace). I allowed the chiefs on board, who was strongly ironed, to hold converse with them. At dark they left us. Kept a strong watch. All hands to quarters through the night.

"June 22 — At daylight took up the anchors, and came to sail, stretching toward the village on the West part of the Sound. At 9 A. M. severall large canoes came off, full of Indians waving green bows. They came alongside with fear and trembling, bringing plenty of furs to ransom their Chiefs with. Ordered the irons off them, & brought the poor devils up. Notwithstanding the treatment I'd received, I paid full price for the skins. I believe I got every piece of fur they had in the village. Took notice that the village was deserted.— Suppose they thought it our intention to destroy it. At 11 A. M. the canoes left us, the Indians crying and praying for our success. Indeed the treatment they received from me was quite different from what they expected — Suppose in the fracas we killed and wounded about 50, but the Indians said we killed 70. None of us was hurt, but their attack was very impolitic, for had they instead of being so intent to *board*, stood off, and fired their arrows,

no doubt they would have killed and wounded several of us. However I was too well guarded against surprise for them to have been victorious. — Noon. Pleasant gales, standing clear of this disastrous Sound, bound for Juan de Fuca Straits."

It is hard to realize this young man was only twenty-one, in a sloop of ninety-eight tons, and with only twenty-two men aboard.

Two or three days before reaching Boston, on his home voyage, he says:

"July 6, 1796 — At midnight breezes from S. W. — saw a sail standing towards us Shortly after she fired ten muskets and two eighteen pound shot at us, one of which went through the foresail. They hailed me, and ordered all our sails to be taken in. Their boat boarded and took me on board with my papers. She proved to be the English Frigate Reason, John Beresford, Captain, from Halifax on a cruise. Finding they could not make a prize of the Sloop — Suffered me to pass — after treating me in a rough ungentlemanlike manner." 1796

I can well understand how this must have irritated him after his long voyage and so close to home.

Strangely enough, ninety-seven years afterwards, one of his own grandchildren — Julian Sturgis of London — married into the Beresford family.

At the close of this voyage he says:

1796 "July 8, 1796 — Having sailed round the Globe to the Westward have lost one complete day, it being Saturday in Boston and only Friday with us. Thank God, I found all my relatives in health, and the tender embrace of an affectionate and much honored Father made up for all the troubles and anxieties incident to such long voyages.

"During this voyage which was performed in 22½ months, (23½) the crew enjoyed good health. No doubt the care that was taken to keep them clean and to fumigate their berths was the best preventative for the scurvy that could possibly have been adopted.

"I believe the "Union" was the first sloop that ever circumnavigated the Globe. She proved to be an excellent sea-boat and was a very safe vessel, still I think it too great a risque for to trust to one mast in such a long voyage — when a small brig would answer on the N. W. coast equally as well. The cargo came out in fine order and I received great satisfaction in the *Idea* that my conduct through the voyage had been very satisfactory to the owners."

1796 Immediately after his return in the sloop Union in August, 1796 — he was then about twenty-three — a French prize was brought into Boston, and without discharging her cargo, he was given command to take her to the East. After a most perilous voyage he reached the Isle of France — or Mauritius. This island is five

or six hundred miles east of Madagascar which lies off the southeastern coast of Africa. The scene of the story of Paul and Virginia was laid in this Isle of France. It was owned by the French until about 1810. 1810

I think a synopsis of this voyage taken from John Boit's journal may interest you, as it shows well his fearlessness and philosophy in times of peril. It is hard to realize that he was only twenty-three when he wrote this. I have also his log of the voyage as well as the journal.

"REMARKS ON SNOW GEORGE'S VOYAGE FROM BOSTON TO THE ISLE OF FRANCE"

"August 1, 1796 — This day I was appointed to 1796
command the Snow George, owned by Messrs. Crowell Hatch & David Green, merchants at Boston. This was an English store ship loaded with provisions, a prize to the French Privatere, La Eagle, and was sold in Boston to the gentlemen above mentioned for the low price of 8000 Spanish dollars, although the cargo alone in London was invoiced at 25,000 dollars. Was employed till the 12th September giving the vessel as good an overhaul as circumstances would admit of, but not being allowed to land the cargo, and she being very deep, was obliged to let her bottom remain untouched, although 't was single and very foul and dirty. On the 13th September, having shipped my crew, dropped into Nantasket Roads, for to wait a favorable dark night to get through the bay — as there was an English Frigate cruising between the Cape Cod

and Lighthouse for to intercept us. Mr. Thomas Nickells, who was my 3d officer in the Union, and had been with me as foremast hand in the Columbia, was my chief officer on the present voyage."

On the 11th of December he says: "Experienced hard squalls from S. W. — carried away the main topsail yard and foretop mast — split the sails — employed repairing damage."

"December 20 — wind from northward — Snow leaks more than usual and sails too dull for comfort. The grass and barnacles completely bedded on her bottom. Five miles an hour is the most we can get."

From this time on they were leaking badly.

1797 "Feb. 20, 1797 — the Snow requires 1,000 smart strokes per hour to keep her free. The pumps are excellent, thank God, being copper chambered and large bore."

"Feb. 22 — Wind still in our teeth. Leaks still increase. It requires all hands fore and aft at both pumps to keep the vessel from going to Davy Jones' Locker, she averaging at the rate of 500 bbls. per hour. Two of our seamen taken in convulsion fits at the pumps through fatigue. Employed preparing topsail to fother with as a last resort."

"March 8 — Wind from the N. E. Snow scarcely moves on the surface of the waters, with fothered sails under the bottom, although the breeze is fresh. Keep

every man I can well spare from the pumps on the rigging and painting up. For if Davy Jones will not serve me a slippery trick, I am determined on my arrival at the Isle de France, to serve some honest Frenchman a Yankee trick by selling them the Good Staunch *Well-found* Snow George and appurtenances."

"March 19 — Hauled the sails from the bottom and tydied ship. At 6 P. M. after a distressing and tedious passage of 186 days we make the long wished for Isle de France, with grateful thanks to Almighty God for our present situation, after being for forty days past in the most critical state of suspense."

"March 20 — At 4 P. M. a pilot came aboard and took charge of us."

"March 22 — Both pumps steady going without intermission, and we have not gained one inch to windward. Indeed the crew are too much enfeebled to work the vessel properly. Poor devils, they are excessive weak. However, their hearts are light. At 4 P. M. hoist ensign in a wiff as a signal of distress. At 2 A. M. the sloop again came alongside and brought a Lieutenant and 20 sailors from the Admiral's Ship to my assistance. The Officer told me he had strict orders from the Governor and Admiral (DeLeroy) to render me every help in his power. I immediately sent my poor sailors below to their hammocks. At six we were well into the entrance of the harbor. At nine came to anchor.

"I went to town accompanied by Mr. Bonjour, the

linguist of the Port, and immediately waited on the Governor and Admiral to thank them for their politeness in sending me relief. These gentlemen told me it was their duty to relieve the distressed. I could not help admiring the manner in which they received my most grateful thanks. Sent off fifteen negroes to pump ship."

"March 23 — I kept charge of the Snow George till the 20th of May, at which time I sold her for a good price to a Mr. Hicks for the Madagascar trade. We found the Snow leaked just as bad in the harbor as she did when at sea. When the carpenter had finished her bottom, we hauld to our old berth. Painted the old Snow up as fine as a fiddle and on May 20th delivered her to Monsieur Hicks — a hard bargain on his side I must confess. The cargo I sold to Government at an enormous advance on the original invoices, —— So ends the remarks on the Old Snow George — God send I may never sail in the like of her again.

"Took a house on shore, attended by my faithful servant Chou (a Chinese) — kept Bachelor's hall — and in the gay life that is generally pursued by young men on this island passed a few months away in quite an agreeable though dissipated manner."

I think the frankness and humor of the young man is amusing. The "faithful servant Chou" of whom he speaks is no doubt the same "Chou Mandarien" to

whom he raised a monument in the burying ground on Boston Common. It is still standing and the inscription is legible. It reads:

"Here lies interred the body
of CHOU MANDARIEN
A native of China
Aged 19 years
whose death
was occasioned on the 11th Sept.
1798 by a fall from the masthead
of the Ship Mac of Boston.
This stone is erected to his memory
by his affectionate master
John Boit, Jr."

For a number of years this great-grandfather of yours, John Boit (2) commanded, among other vessels, the good ship Mount Hope. She was built in Narragansett Bay and named after the hill "Mount Hope," which lies between Fall River and Bristol. She was considered a very big ship when built, and was finally bought by the Dutch government, and used as the Flag Ship of their navy. Yet she was only six hundred tons. About as much of a ship as her namesake was of a mountain!

His voyages were full of strange experiences and "hair-breadth 'scapes," but, alas! I have not time to tell them and must leave unrecounted a variety of absorbing scenes by land and sea.

For many years he went down to the sea in command of many ships, but when he was about forty he gave it up for good and all — and though he still retained his interest in certain vessels, he became a merchant in Boston, and lived there for the rest of his life.

1829 He died March 8, 1829, and was buried at King's Chapel.

In the old credit books of Baring Brothers & Co., in London, stands the name of Captain John Boit, with the record, "His word is as good as his bond."

Before turning to the accounts of his family life, I must quote some of his verses from his log books, many of which have the true spirit of the age and of the sea:

THE RETURN — A SONNET

1802 1802

The same keen sense, that barbs the pang to *part*,
  Points the wild rapture when *return* draws nigh.
When bosoms beat to bliss, warm heart to heart —
  Hand grasping hand, and eye encountering eye.
The warm tear sliding down the burning cheek —
  In sweet Elysium wrapt the speechless powers —
Or eyes suffused, that eloquently speak,
  Shining like summer suns through May's soft showers.
Then — then it is that souls of purer fire
  Snatch the rare raptures sacred to the few;
The clinging kiss — the chat unknown to tire —
  And blessed embrace, that dullards never knew.
Oh! let me not count life by days or years,
But smiles of sweet return, through separation's tears!

Perhaps this is the best of them, and indeed it is quite good enough for anybody.

TO ELLEN

1802

1802

If purest angels look with pitying eyes
On man's frail nature, and can feel our woe;
If worth celestial left its native skies,
To bleed and suffer for our sins below—

Then dearest fair — let pity warm thy breast —
The bright example still with zeal pursue —
Smile on the youth who knows not to be blest —
Save when his heart is full of love and you.

TO MISS M. J. J.

To sing the charming Mary's praise,
My muse in humble measure tried,
When listening to my feeble lays
Apollo thus indignant cried.

"Audacious Poet — cease thy song!
Nor dare attempt on mortal lyre
Immortal charms! Such themes belong
To Phœbus and the Virgin Choir!"

EPITAPH

Life is an Inn — where all men bait,
The waiter *Time* — the Landlord *Fate* —
Death is the score by all men due —
I 've paid my shot — and so must you!

HOISTING THE SAILS

Friday, Dec. 27, 1805 1805

Lay her before the wind, up with your canvass,
And let her work! The wind begins to whistle!
Clap all the streamers on, and let her dance,
As if she were the minion of the ocean!
Let her bestride the billows till they roar,
And curl their wanton heads!
The day grows fair, and clear, and the wind courts us.
O! for a lusty sail now, to give chase to!
A stubborn bark, that would but bear up to us,
And charge a broadside bravely!!

EPIGRAM

1801 July 3, 1801

A gentleman seeking apartments one day,
A bill, up for rooms "to let," fell in his way.
A comely young servant maid, answered y' door —
As handsome a girl as he'd e'er seen before.
"Are you to be let with the lodgings?" he cried;
"No, Sir, I 'm to be let alone," she replied.

ON LIFE

1801 Sept. 10, 1801

Our life is like a winter's day,
Some only breakfast and away,
Others to dinner stay and are full fed,
The Oldest only sups and goes to bed.
Large is his debt who lingers out the day,
Who goes the soonest, has the least to pay.

This is an adaptation of a verse written by Joseph
1678 Henshaw in 1678, but much improved upon.

TO A LITTLE CHARMER

Dec. 5, 1801 1801

Come and kiss me, little charmer,
Nor suppose a kiss can harm you.
Kisses given, kisses taken
Cannot now your fears awaken.
Give me then a hundred kisses,
Number well — those sweetest blisses,
And on my life — I tell you true,
Ten-fold I 'll repay what 's due,
When to snatch a kiss is bolder,
And my fair one 's ten years older.

A CURIOUS PROBLEM AND ITS SOLUTION

Said Damon as he gently press'd
Fair Indiana to his breast,
"Can you to me, the reason give,
That when your sex a kiss receive
They sometimes wipe the same away?"
She quick replied without delay,
"That may be solved without much bother,
It 's purposely to have Another."

SONG

When clouds that angel face deform,
Anxious I view the growing storm —
When angry lightnings arm thine eye,
And tell the gathering tempest nigh —
I curse the sex — and bid adieu
To female friendship, love and you.

But when soft passion rules thy breast —
Thy beating heart to mine is prest,
And cloudless smiles around you play,
Giving the world a holiday —
I bless the hour when first I knew,
Dear female friendship, love and you!

EPIGRAM

1801 Dec. 9, 1801

"I heard you much slander'd" cries Richard to Ned,
"T' other day, by an impudent Coxcomb, who said,
That you scarcely were fit to take Gutts to a Bear"
"Well what did you say?" "Why I said that you were!"

EPITAPH, ON A SAILOR

Dec. 9, 1801 1801

Free from the Storms, and Gusts of human life,
Free from the squalls of passion and of strife,
Here Jack lies anchored — who has stood the sea
Of ebbing life, and swelling misery:
Tho' poorly rig'd, his prudent eye foresaw,
And took a reef at fortune's quickest flaw;
He luffed and bore away to please mankind,
But duty urg'd him still to head the wind.
A *fever's tempest*, soon his Masts destroy'd,
But Jury Health, awhile, he still enjoyed.
Laden with grief, and age, and shatter'd Head
At length he struck, and grounded on his bed;
While in distress, careening thus he lay,
His final Bilge exputing every day,
Heaven took his ballast from its dreary hole,
And left his body destitute of Soul.

HYMEN

1801 Dec. 10, 1801

He led her to the Nuptial bower,
And nestled closely to her side;
The fondest Bridegroom of that Hour,
And she — the most delighted Bride!!

EPIGRAM

1801 Dec. 16, 1801

Ha! some one strikes me! rascle who art thou,
That cowardly insults an old man's brow,
Which oft, while young, hath borne the Laurel wreath!
Good ancient Sir, be calm, my name is *Death*.

HYMEN

Hail! Wedded Love! The bard thy beauty hails!
Though mixed at times with Cock and Hen-like sparrings.
But calms are very pleasant after gales,
And Dove-like peace much sweeter after Warrings!

HYMEN

Dec. 16, 1801 1801

Hail! ev'ry pair whom love unites
In Hymen's pleasing ties;
That endless source of pure delights
That blessing of the Wise.

PRAYER OF A DISCONSOLATE NEPHEW

If Liberty can soften all our woes,
If 't is the sweetest blessing Heaven bestows,
Then Oh! Ye Gods! pray keep me from the haunts
Of Bach'lor Uncles, and Old Maiden Aunts!

ODE — TO ANTIQUATED VIRGINITY

1801 Dec. 18, 1801

Hail! spotless virgins, free from sin,
Sweet modest maidens hail!
To gain whose bosoms, lank and thin,
None e'er could yet prevail.

In flowing numbers, fain would I
Your won'drous praises sing,
And let Imagination fly,
On Fancy's soaring wing.

Your mopstick arms, from *flesh* quite free,
We view with sweet delight,
Your waists, as thin, as thin can be
Enchant our wondering sight.

Sneaking alone, oft times ye sit,
At once both cold and tough,
With dog in lap, or fav'rite tit,
And noses grim'd with Snuff,

With crabbed looks and sour grimace,
Ye mope like Owls or Batts
And with a most enchanting grace,
Pur, like your tabby cats.

But here, I stop, for my poor brain,
Allows the task too hard,
To celebrate your *Vestal* train,
Requires an abler Bard!!!

Perhaps it is my high regard for women and sympathy for them, whether married or single, that leads me to believe that no ancestor of mine ever indited these verses!

FRIENDSHIP

When Fortune smiles and looks serene,
'Tis "Sir, how do you do?
Your family are well, I hope,
Could I serve them, or you?"

But turn the scale, let Fortune frown,
And dire disaster greet you;
'T is then "I 'm sorry for your loss,
But times are hard — good bye t' ye!"

Those then who oft your table graced,
And on your viands fed,
Will be the first to give a kick,
"He brought it on his head."

"TO A LADY"
WHO SENT HER LOVER A KISS
IN A LETTER

1801 Dec. 20, 1801

Thanks to my gentle, absent friend!
A *Kiss* you in your Letter send:
But ah! the thrilling charm is lost,
In *Kisses* that arrive by post.
That fruit can only tasteful be,
When gathered *melting from the Tree!!*

ON SEEING A LADY KISS A CAT

Chloe, sweet girl! in pity hear
  This small request, that I may live,
Let me with your grimalkin share
  The balmy kisses which you give.

And when in search of mouse or rat,
  Puss range abroad, with zeal most fervent,
Rather than wait to kiss your cat —
  Kiss in her stead your humble servant!

EPITAPH

(ON AN INFANT)

Dec. 23, 1801 1801

Oh! "why so soon," when the first flower appears,
Strays the brief Blossom from the vale of tears?
Death viewed the treasure, to the desert given,
Claim'd the fair flower, and planted it in heaven.

CONSOLATION

(WRITTEN NEAR THE SEA SHORE IN A STORM)

Weep not, Ellen, gentle maid!
Though the wild wind swells the main,
The adverse storm may soon be laid,
And your Lover come again.

. . . . . .

For not the bird of smallest worth,
That winnows with light wing the air,
If He permits not, falls to earth,
Who numbers ev'ry hair.

Then blow the wild wind, how it will,
From North or South, from East or West,
Weep not! but humbly trust it still
Blows for the best.

COMPLAINT AGAINST TIME

1802 Jan. 2, 1802

Why, envious Time, will you now fly so fast?
When I 'm from *Ellen*, you never make such haste,
When I 'm with her, the hours but minutes are;
But when from her, then ev'ry hour 's a year.
You have no rule — you have no equal go,
But always are too fast, or yet too slow.

ON ELLEN

When Cupid saw his power betray'd
On Earth, and in the Realms above,
"*Let Ellen be!*" he smiling said,
Ellen appeared — and all was *love!*

ON DUELLING

Am I to set my life upon a throw,
Because a Brute is rude and surly? No —
A moral, sensible, and well-bred man
Will not insult me — and no other can!

A SARCASM, AGAINST THE LADIES

Jan. 3, 1802 1802

Women are books, in which we do espy,
Some blotted lines, and sometimes lines awry,
And tho' perhaps, some strait ones intervene,
In all of them *Errata* may be seen ;
If it be so, I wish that my wife were,
An Almanac, to change her ev'ry year !

AN IMPROMPTU ANSWER BY A LADY

" Women are books," in this I do agree ;
But men there are, that can't read A, B, C,
And some who have not genius to discern,
The Beauties of the *books* they attempt to learn.
For those an Almanac may always hold
As much of science, as they can unfold. —
But thank our stars, our Critics are not these ;
The men of sense and taste we always please.
Who know to chuse, and then to prize their Books,
Nor leave the strait lines, for to search for crooks ;
And from those Books their noblest pleasures flow,
Altho' perfection 's never found below ;
They know we 're in a World of error thrown,
And our *Erratas* place against their Own.

YESTERDAY

1802 Feb. 23, 1802

Say ye studious, grave, and old,
Tell me all ye fair and Gay
Tell me whence I may behold
The fleeting form of *Yesterday ?*

Where's autumnal plenty fled ?
Winter, where's his boisterous sway ?
Where's the vernal flower sped ?
Summer ! where's thy *Yesterday ?*

Jocund sprites of social joy,
Round our smiling Goblet play,
Flee ye — power of rude annoy,
Like the ghost of *Yesterday* —

Odorous sweet, and generous wine
Hither boy ! with speed convey ;
Jes'mine wreaths with Roses twine
Ere they fade like *Yesterday* —

Brim the bowl, and pass it round
Lightly tune the Sportive lay,
Let the festal hour be crowned
Ere 't is lost — like *Yesterday.*

THE DYING QUAKER

Feb. 27, 1802 1802

As good Ezekiel, on his bed
Lay sick and full of fears,
Attended only by his maid,
Who oft in need had lent him aid,
His eyes gush'd out with tears.

The simple girl to soothe his pain
And mitigate his grief,
Thus tried in consolating strain
(Nor was she wont to try in vain)
To give his woes relief.

Ah! wherefore, Master, should you dread
Death's all subduing dart;
You who so good a life have led
And to so clear, and wise a head
Join'd purity of heart?

Your garb was always neat and plain,
Your hair full straight and sleek;
And let it hail, or snow, or rain
No weather could your *zeal* restrain,
From meeting thrice a week —

You never swear, as others use,
Nor speak, but to some end,
You ever paid the parson's dues,
You never trusted Turks, nor Jews,
Nor e'er deceived a friend.

You ne'er encouraged legal strife,
Nor sold your *wares* too high,
You ne'er were drunk, in all your life,
You ne'er debauch'd your *neighbour's* wife
Nor ever told a lie.

At this Ezekiel shook his head
And heaved a piteous sigh!
Then thus in grief of heart he said,
And sunk dejected on his bed —
"Ah! Betty, I 've been sly!"

PERPETUAL MOTION

War begets poverty — poverty peace —
Peace begets riches — riches increase
Till wealth begets pride — pride is war's ground —
War begets poverty — The world goes round!

TO A YOUNG LADY UPON HER SAYING SHE INTENDED TO BUILD HER A HOUSE

1802

1802

To build! 'T is mighty well designed,
For that 's the business of mankind;
That Nature looks for, at your hand,
And may your house forever stand!
May 't flourish for all time to come,
With growing youth and constant bloom!
To raise dull fabrics, sure was ne'er
The purpose of the young and fair —
No! that and you would ill agree —
'T is yours to raise a family!
A nobler House! So — build you may,
But think to build the proper way!
Then shall I wish it — good effect —
And gladly be — your *Architect!!*

MY LOVE'S A VESSEL, TRIM AND GAY

1802 Mar. 1, 1802

My Love 's a vessel trim and gay,
Rigged out with truth and stored with honor,
As thro' life's sea, she cuts her way,
All eyes with rapture gaze upon her —

Built ev'ry wondering heart to please;
The lucky shipwrights' love and fancy,
From stem to stern she moves with ease;
And at her launch, they call'd her Nancy.

When heading up against Life's gales,
So well she stems the dang'rous trouble,
I call her *Anna* as she sails,
Her form's so grand — her air 's so noble!

When o'er the trembling wave she flies,
What plays and sports as she advances!
"Well said, my *Nan*" I fondly cries,
As my full heart in concert dances.

In studding-sails, before Life's breeze,
So sweetly gentle in her motion,
She's *Anne*, for as she moves with ease,
She seems the *Queen* of all the Ocean.

When laying on a tack, so neat,
The breeze her milk white bosom filling
She skims the yielding ways so fleet —
I call her *Nance,* my bosom thrilling!

Thus is she precious to my heart,
By whate'er name comes o'er my fancy
Graceful or gay, grand, neat, or smart,
Or *Anna, Anne, Nan, Nance,* or *Nancy!*

I have referred these verses to several students of English literature. Neither they nor I know them nor have been able to find them elsewhere, and it is our impression they are original. Yet still as John Boit (2) not infrequently quoted from others in his logs and journals, it may be found that certain of these were not written by him. It is not likely, however, as his quotations were usually in quotation-marks, which is not the case with these. Many are signed by him. Many are to his wife, Ellen.

I think all of them are interesting and there is a fine ring to those that have to do with the sea, such as "The Return," "Hoisting the Sails," "Epitaph, on a Sailor," "My Love's a Vessel Trim and Gay," while none are without a point.

THE FAMILY OF JOHN BOIT (2)

Chapter III

I SHALL now speak of John Boit's (2) marriage, wife and children.

Several of his voyages, beginning with that of the sloop Union, when he was but twenty, started from Newport, Rhode Island, and there he made many friends.

In his log at the end of the sloop Hiram's voyage, he
1797 writes on the 26th of November, 1797, "In pursuit of Miss E—— J. In her smiles to be happy. Fortune de Ger."

You must not forget that this is the master-mariner, the son of the man of English and French descent, who first came to this country. He was your great-grandfather, as I have repeatedly said. He was born as you
1774 may remember on the 15th of October, 1774.

1799 On the 20th of August, 1799, when he was nearly twenty-five, and about seven months after his father's death, he was married at Trinity Church in Newport, Rhode Island, to Eleanor Jones of that town. The reference to the pretty girls of Newport, which I quoted, was by no means the only one to be found in his journals. His father, John Boit (1), the merchant, had
1798 died in Boston on the 28th of December, 1798, and his

mother a couple of years or more before that, so that on shore he no longer had a home of his own.

Both his father and mother had been buried at King's Chapel in Boston, and according to the record of that church his father was sixty-five years old when he died.

Although John Boit (2) was less than twenty-five when he was married, he had already been a commander of ships for nearly five years, and an officer for three years before that, so that he must have been old for his age, and certainly was no "chicken" in experience.

John Boit's (2) wife, Eleanor Jones, was the daughter of Edward Jones, a British Officer of Customs in Cork, Ireland, who came to Newport, Rhode Island, to live. Her mother's maiden name was Henrietta Auchmuty. The date of her father's death is unknown.

Eleanor Jones had a sister Mary, and brothers William and John and Henry. Her brother Henry Jones (2) married and lived in Charleston, South Carolina. The two sisters, Eleanor and Mary, lived with their mother, Mrs. Edward Jones, in Newport, Rhode Island.

It is through this family that ours became related to the families of Auchmuty, Howard, and Overing, which names have been retained by many of their descendants. Mrs. Jones was, as I have said, an Auchmuty. Edward Jones, the father of Eleanor Jones Boit, died December 5, 1786, and was buried at Trinity Church, Newport, 1786
Rhode Island, December 12, 1786.

The sisters were said to have been very handsome.

They were painted several times by Malbone, the miniature painter. In fact, Eleanor was the central figure of Malbone's "Present, Past and Future" or the "Three Graces" or "The Hours" — all three of which names the painting has been called. This picture is owned by the Providence Historical Society.

My father and aunts always vouched for this statement, that this was the portrait of their mother, and they must have known. When I was a young man, the picture was owned by some family in Newport, whose name I have forgotten. Ned, my brother, went to see them in the hope of buying the portrait for my aunt, Mrs. Russell (Boit) Sturgis. Although this family recognized the fact that the portrait of the central figure was that of my grandmother, Eleanor (Jones) Boit, they would not sell it.

The likeness of the central figure in this painting to my brother Edward's daughter, Mary Louisa, was extraordinary.

The Malbones were close friends of these two good-looking Jones girls, and the painter's brother, apparently a very delicate man, took several voyages with my grandfather as supercargo. They were much attached to each other and my grandfather felt his loss very deeply when at last he died, as I take it, of consumption.

During the first years of your great-grandfather's married life, his wife Eleanor, or Ellen, as she was called, lived in Newport with his children while he was at sea,

and afterwards moved to Jamaica Plain and thence to Boston.

When in Jamaica Plain, the family lived on Centre Street, at the corner of Boylston Street, in a quaint and interesting house with many gables. It was still standing when I last drove by, and is well worth visiting, though it has been altered and does not retain its old-fashioned simplicity. In Boston they lived on Atkinson Street, which no longer exists, but was, I think, the present Congress Street, or near it.

After Eleanor's marriage to John Boit (2), old Mrs. Jones and her daughter Mary went to Charleston, South Carolina, to live with, or near her sons, and they both died there. One of John Boit's (2) children — Ellen — also went to Charleston and died there, and your great-grandmother, Ellen Boit, went to Charleston for the last winter of her life and then returned to Boston to die. Thus the family kept in close touch with their Southern relations for many years. Eleanor Jones Boit, or Ellen, as she was called, died in Boston, in July, 1831. 1831

John Boit (2) and Eleanor (Jones) Boit had a number of children.

1. Ellen, who died single in Charleston, South Carolina.

2. Caroline, who married Henry F. Baker, merchant, of Boston.

3. Henry, who went South and died there.

4. Mary, who died single in or near Boston.

5. Harriet Auchmuty Howard, who married Charles Inches of Boston.

6. Edward Darley, who married Jane Hubbard of Boston.

7. Julia Overing, who married Russell Sturgis of Boston and London.

The families of John Boit (1) and John Boit (2) held a good social position in Boston where many of them, in fact most of them, were born and buried.

CHILDREN OF JOHN BOIT (2)

Next in order come the children of John Boit (2), and I shall try to give you a more or less correct impression of these rather unique people. They were my aunts and my father. I knew all this generation personally, except Ellen and Mary, who died early in life, and an older brother of my father, named Henry, who disappeared when he was young and died in some unknown part of the South. It was said that he married there but left no male children.

I never knew any of my grandparents, three of whom died many years before I was born, and the fourth, my Grandmother Hubbard, when I was less than a year old.

In speaking of this generation of Boits which immediately precedes my own, I might state that they were all emphatically proud of the "Boit blood." Exactly why they prided themselves upon it to the extent they did, was never fully explained to me. It was not a question

open to argument or discussion. It was either a fact or a state of mind fundamentally imbedded within them. They were an imperious, handsome race, confident of themselves, and with unquestioned faith in a well-selected ancestry. If I had been interested in such matters in my youth, I might perhaps have discovered the cause for their pride and self-satisfaction. But such, alas! was not the case. However, their distinguished looks, their wit, their brilliant, well-educated minds, their manners and their breeding did, indeed, sufficiently mark them as people of birth. No doubt this pride, perhaps in a more modified form, has been inherited by many of their descendants, for I find that even I, myself, in all modesty, am entirely satisfied with my family and forbears, and am ready to praise God, that with all our failings, we are not altogether like other men!

1. My oldest Boit aunt was Ellen, named after her mother. She never married, and went to Charleston, South Carolina, where she died while staying with her uncle, Henry Jones.

CAROLINE BOIT

2. Caroline Boit was born in Newport, Rhode Island, May 5, 1804. She was brought up in Boston and married Henry F. Baker, in November, 1822. I have been told that none stood higher, as a man and a merchant in Boston than Mr. Baker, whom I never saw. He graduated from Harvard in the Class of 1815, and was twice made

1804
1822
1815

Colonel of the First Independent Corps of Cadets, and served in that position for nearly six years, from April 24, 1826 to December 6, 1831. Their daughter, Ellen Baker, left the Cadets some valuable records, inherited from her father, of its doings in the early part of the nineteenth century. He passed the last part of his life, with his family in the West, where he was unsuccessful in business. He died in 1857 and left my aunt a small property upon which, for the rest of her life, she was enabled to live only by exercising the strictest economy. She was an exceedingly proud woman, and I think her "angustas res" embittered her as she grew old.

1826
1831
1857

After her husband's death she came to live in a small house in Jamaica Plain, bringing her daughter Ellen with her. It was only at this time, for a few years before her death, which took place within a year or two before I went to college, that I knew her. We were then living in Glen Road, Jamaica Plain, and she and her daughter were often at our house. I was from twelve to eighteen years old at this time and, being constantly at home, I was frequently called upon to escort her between our houses.

I remember well these walks with this slight, erect, imperious old lady clinging to my arm. In fact she first taught me how, in proper fashion, to give my arm to a lady, explaining just how tight she thought I should clasp it. If I remember right her rule was "tight without squeezing." I have endeavored to follow it.

This aunt of mine made a strong impression upon me.

She was above the medium height, and with a temper fully equal to her stature. As a young chap I stood in very considerable awe of her, for she had a way of piercing me with her eagle eye, that was extremely embarrassing. I think she suspected me of suspecting her of wearing a wig. I am quite sure she did wear one, for I examined it at odd moments with the most intimate scrutiny.

It was said in the family that when her daughter Ellen grew up, she was jealous of her youth and especially of her splendid hair, and that she treated her with the greatest severity. However this may have been her daughter never harbored it against her, but, on the contrary, always spoke of her mother in terms of honest admiration and affection. I think she died in 1861 or 1862, or at the beginning of our Civil War, but I do not happen to have the record of her death.

1861
1862

Her daughter Ellen lived to a good old age, and was devoted to her church, and to every member and descendant of the Boit family. Though we were all fond of her, it always seemed to me her cousin, Dr. Charles E. Inches, was her most constant, thoughtful and attentive friend. He certainly did everything in his power to make the life of this rather lonely old lady happy and comfortable.

Aunt Caroline (Boit) Baker also had a son Darley. I never saw him but once, and that when I was young, for his life was passed chiefly in the West and South. I remember him as a tall, handsome young man of fine

proportions. He came to see us when we were living in Eliot Street, Jamaica Plain. Only my little sister Jeanie and I were at home, and we giggled at his rather sentimental regrets, that although we were his first cousins, we did not even know him by sight. I may have been twelve and she eight at the time. He married in the West, and died, if I remember correctly, in New Orleans, leaving no descendants. He graduated from Harvard in
1848 the class of 1848.

3. Henry Boit, left home in his early youth and never came back again, nor kept in touch with his family in Boston. He was older than my father and even he did not remember him well. He settled somewhere in the South, probably Florida, and married there, but left no male descendants.

4. Then came a daughter Mary Boit, who died young and unmarried, though she lived till after her father's
1829 death in 1829. I never saw her.

HARRIET AUCHMUTY HOWARD BOIT

5. Harriet Auchmuty Howard Boit was born in Boston,
1812 on the 31st of August, 1812, at the time of our second war with England. She married Charles Inches, a member of a prominent Boston family. His brother, Henderson Inches, was Colonel of the First Independent
1837 Corps of Cadets for a short seven months in 1837.

Aunt Harriet was a notably handsome woman, rather above the medium height, and of commanding

presence. I remember her well, her exquisite, clean-cut features, her beautiful nose, her white teeth, and her quick temper. She certainly had what was called the high temper of the Boits, and in moments of anger a severe tongue. But, on the other hand, her tempers were soon over, and no woman could make herself more perfectly charming and delightful than she. Though a high-strung woman, she was no more so than many of her family, and with it went a great heart and a most generous and hospitable nature.

I was always much attached to her for her many kindnesses to me when I was a boy. I remember once, as a boy, while staying with her at Nahant, I put a long succession of lumps of sugar into my tea, and was reminded by her of the high price of sugar. For a moment I was quite overcome by her very proper rebuke. But my greed did not prevent her asking me to stay many, many times afterward. It was a good lesson.

Her wit was keen, and nobody ever enjoyed a good joke more than she, whether it happened to be her own or someone else's. I can hear her ringing laugh at this moment!

Like all the Boits of her generation she was a high-bred, aristocratic-looking woman.

During my childhood and early youth our family always dined with Aunt Harriet and Uncle Charles Inches on Thanksgiving Day or they with us. And as I remember these occasions they were very festive, and brilliant affairs, and never a disappointment to my

youthful appetite. As I recall the menu, it did not vary much year after year from this: First, oyster soup; second, boiled turkey with oyster sauce; third, roast turkey with sausages (the peculiarity of these dinners was especially this succession of turkeys); fourth, ducks or geese; fifth, puddings and pies and ices and nuts and raisins and such-like. Of course I do not remember the vegetables, but as I grew older the steady flow of champagne made its proper impression upon me. These were usually dinners of from twelve to sixteen.

On one memorable occasion the cook deserted on the morning of Thanksgiving Day, and Aunt Harriet cooked the entire dinner herself, sitting at table in her low-necked evening dress, as the courses were served, and working in the kitchen between times. The dinner was proclaimed to be a marvellously good one, and I can see Aunt Harriet's eyes sparkle with the recognition of her feat and its success. It seems to me no less wonderful today, as I look back upon it, than it did then.

At this time both our families were living in Jamaica Plain, we in Eliot Street and Aunt Harriet and Uncle Charles Inches in Centre Street, near Boylston Street. Why I should recall the fact I do not know, for it is unimportant, but I do remember that although their's was otherwise a long frame house, the entire northerly side of it was brick — no doubt for warmth in winter. I'm under the impression this was not unusual in the building of old Colonial houses in New England.

Aunt Harriet Boit married, as I have said, Charles Inches, brother of Herman, Henderson, and Martin Inches, and a cousin of Martin Brimmer, among the most prominent people, socially, of their day in Boston.

Their children were:

(a) *Susan*, who married Robert S. Sturgis, brother of Russell Sturgis of Baring Brothers, and from whom are descended, Robert Sturgis, who married Marion Sharpless of New York; Charles Sturgis, who lives in Chicago; Roger Sturgis of Boston; and Mrs. Ingersoll, Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Stewart, all brought up in Philadelphia. Mrs. Robert Sturgis was my first cousin and all these, their children, are your second cousins.

Robert S. Sturgis and his wife were both handsome. He was one of the best friends I had in my youth and his house at Newport always open to me. He used to say, "Bob, come to stay whenever you like, don't bother to write. If we have no room, we can always put a mattress on the billiard table." Their house was always a most hospitable one and full of guests. It was on Bellevue Avenue, and afterwards bought by Levi P. Morton. What jolly times and good dances I have had there!

(b) *Charles* Inches, married Miss Pomeroy and is the father of Charles and Henderson and Louise, who are your second cousins.

(c) *Harriet*, who died many years ago, single. She was a wonderfully handsome woman.

VI

EDWARD DARLEY BOIT (3)

Sixth Child of John Boit (2)

Chapter IV

1813 1890 EDWARD DARLEY BOIT (3), born in 1813, died in 1890, who married Jane Parkinson Hubbard, daughter of John Hubbard of Boston, was my father and your grandfather.

1813 He was born in Boston, August 31, 1813, and spent some of the early years of his life, as I have said, in Jamaica Plain. He has told me that as a little boy he learned to navigate Jamaica Pond on a big log, with a soap box atop of it, and with a long pole to drive it. It was his canoe and he an Indian in search of adventures that never failed him. Woods were all about the pond in those days, with only one open place on each side of it in Brookline and Jamaica Plain, where the road for a rod or two ran down into the water, giving horses a chance to drink. He was always as careful as possible to avoid these openings for fear of being seen, but one day as he was poling by the spot where the road touched the pond in Jamaica Plain, the family doctor drove down to water his horse and recognized him on his log. When he reached home that night he got a sound drubbing

from his father, who put a stop forever to this absorbing though somewhat dangerous sport.

GREEN'S SCHOOL

When he grew older, he was sent to "Green's Boarding School," at the corner of Main Street and Pond Street, Jamaica Plain. This was one of the favorite schools for gentlemen's sons in the vicinity of Boston at that period. The house was a very handsome, old Colonial, square structure, large and spacious and painted white. I remember it well. In fact it was torn down less than twenty years ago. It had a grove of fine old trees about it, which added to its dignity.

I do not know to what family it originally belonged before it became a school, but the fine old hall, the staircases and mantel-pieces proved that it must have been an important mansion in its day.

My father used to tell amusing stories of old Green and his school. One day the boys were standing in line, with one of their number a short distance off plugging a ball at them. If the thrower hit a boy, that boy had his next turn with the ball. My father had the ball, and just then old Green came out and said he'd join them and take his chances with the rest. So he took his place in the line and my father plugged him in the stomach. "Boit," he shouted, white with rage, "go to bed at once!" and off my father went and was given nothing but bread and water till the next morning.

Sometimes Schoolmaster Green would come into the dining-room just before dinner, rubbing his hands and saying, "Now boys, the fellows that eat the most pudding shall have the most meat." They always began with pudding — a clever ruse for purposes of economy, but a short-lived one, for the boys soon got on to it. At a later date my father went to the Boston Latin School, where his own father had gone before him.

HARVARD

1830 He entered Harvard College in 1830 when he was eighteen years old. He was rather a gay young man and a great favorite, and was elected Colonel of the College Regiment by the students. This was always considered a mark of special favor and popularity. But the President or Faculty called him up at once, and told him that he must not accept the position, as he did not stand high enough in his studies, and was a little too gay.

He belonged to most of the college societies, such as the Institute, of which he was president, the Pudding, the Porcellian, and the Medfax. I see by the Pudding catalogue he is not mentioned as belonging to that club, but I think it is a mistake, as he often told me of their doings. It is my impression he was one of its poets.

The last year he was in college there was a rebellion,
1834 and the majority of the class of 1834, at a class meeting voted not to take their degrees on graduation. Of course, most of the parents made their sons forget this silly

promise, but he, having no parents kept his word at the time, and did not take his degree until six years afterwards, when in 1840, he graduated from the Law School 1840
and took all three of his degrees together: A. B., A. M., and LL. D. He "roomed" in Massachusetts.

My father had the reputation of being a handsome man and he was certainly a wit and the quickest man in repartee that I ever happened to fall in with. As I knew him, the great beauty of his wit was that it was never biting — it never hurt — the man that was laughed at was always ready to join in the laugh himself. Yet I have heard him say he was afraid it had not always been so in his youth.

I remember Augustus Lowell, father of the present president of Harvard, told me, that when a young man he always thought my father and mother the handsomest couple in Boston. I have heard many others speak in the same way. My mother was said to have been a lovely girl, and my father told me that when they first moved out of town someone, whose name I 've forgotten, said, "You have no business to take your wife out of town. No ball in Boston can be complete without Jane's neck and arms." They certainly were very perfect as I remember them.

He grew up with the pleasantest set of Boston men of his day and in early life was a favorite among them — the Inches, Robesons, Joys, Sturgises, Welds, Minots, Amorys, Lowells, Jacksons, Putnams, Lawrences, Motleys,

Hubbards, Frothinghams, Tuckers, Perkinses, Lees, Apthorps, Greenoughs, Curtises, Lorings, Grants, etc.

His best man, when he was married, was Mr. John Joy, the grandfather of my Alice's friend, Ben Joy, who was an usher at her own wedding.

Immediately after leaving college, he did a lot of surveying of the flats of Boston Harbor with gangs under him. Then he took a trip to India as supercargo. When he returned from the East he studied law and was admitted to the Massachusetts Bar and bacame the partner of Benjamin R. (later Judge) Curtis and Charles P. Curtis (under the firm name of Charles P. Curtis, Benjamin R. Curtis and Edward D. Boit), and later young Charles P. Curtis joined the firm, who was the father of the present Charles P. Curtis, who married, I think, a Miss Anderson. Edward Darley Boit (3) married my mother, Jane Parkinson Hubbard, on the 13th of June
1839 1839, and they lived chiefly with Mrs. John Hubbard's
1846 family until I was born in 1846.

INGLESIDE

1846
1853 From 1846 to 1853, our family lived at "Ingleside" a place my father had built on Forest Hills Street, near Forest Hills Cemetery, at the junction of Forest Hills and Scarborough Street, now Morton Street. This place is embodied in Franklin Park and through it is the entrance from Forest Hills station. The beautiful trees on these grounds were planted by your grandfather.

At this time for a year or two he was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, and I have heard it said that he served with some distinction. He was an admirable speaker and had a resonant, deep bass voice. Still he was too independent and outspoken to make a successful politician. At this time too, he became superintendent of the Unitarian Sunday School in Jamaica Plain, but he soon gave it up, because he said he could hear the sound of his own voice growing unctuous and that was on the road to hypocrisy!

In 1854 he went out to Chicago and wrote up the first conveyancing books of that city, thinking he might settle there, but he could not stand its lack of civilization and so sold the result of his work for $3,000 and returned to Boston. 1854

Our family were living then in West Cedar Street. I was eight years old. I remember that the furniture had been boxed and made ready for moving, when my father returned and we went out to Eliot Street, Jamaica Plain, to live, instead of to Chicago — a wise thing for all of us.

After this he gave up the law. I think now it was his first great mistake, for he had many admirable qualifications for his profession, and might have distinguished himself. He became a mill treasurer and continued to be the treasurer of various cotton mills and print works until after the Civil War, when he believed there was money to be made in the South, and went to Savannah,

Georgia, and there entered into business with a Southern man by the name of McKenzie, originally from Scotland.
1868 This was in the autumn of 1868, just after my graduation, and he took my mother and me with him. This
1875 venture proved most unfortunate and in 1875 the firm failed.

1874 On January 15, 1874, I was married and taken into the firm as a junior partner on a salary, and I remained in Savannah for a year or so after the failure, to settle up the affairs of the firm. We owed no important debts in the South, only two or three small ones for rent and such-like. These I afterwards paid out of my own pocket.

Our heaviest debts were to Baring Brothers & Co. in London, whom to a certain extent we represented in
1874 Savannah. In 1874, just after a panic, and when cotton had fallen to its lowest point since the Civil War, and was said to be below the cost of production, Baring Brothers authorized us to ship them all the cotton we wished, and to draw upon them for the full invoice cost — a most friendly act on their part.

The head of the Barings, Russell Sturgis, was my father's brother-in-law and he thought this a great opportunity to make a fortune for my father. It was a temptation few men could have withstood. My father felt the greatest confidence in the judgment of Baring Brothers (who would not have in those days?) and shipped many thousand of bales of cotton to them. But cotton continued to go down and down. In fact it was

never so high again until a few years ago. The result was my father was ruined and the Barings lost a great deal of money. Their agents in New York, Duncan Sherman & Co., suffered the same fate in the same way at the same time. My father and mother gave up everything they possessed.

Your grandfather and grandmother passed the last sixteen years of their lives in Newport, Rhode Island. They died in 1890. During this time they were supported comfortably by your Uncle Edward Darley Boit and his wife, your Aunt Isa, and by certain legacies left them by Mr. and Mrs. Russell Sturgis of London. 1890

Besides being a wit, your grandfather was a great reader and full of literary tastes. When engaged to your grandmother, he hid the following verses in some flowers he sent her when she was going to a ball one night in Boston in the winter of 1836–1837. Your grandmother showed them to me and let me copy them a few years before her death. They were written in a diminutive hand on a visiting card. 1836 1837

GIVE ONE THOUGHT TO HIM

Not when the young and happy throng
To pleasure's proud and princely piles;
Not when glad music floats along,
And every lip is wreathed with smiles.
Not when bright eyes — their loveliest flame
Shed forth — like stars that gild the sea;
Not mid gay voices; do I claim
A thought from thee!

Not when thy brow is decked with flowers,
And with earth's revellers thou art;
Not when mirth speeds the "rosy hours,"
And reigns triumphant in thy heart!
Not when amid the common herd
Thy purer self obscured may be,
Seek I to gain a passing word —
A thought from thee!

But I do ask when twilight 's throwing
Its first faint shade on earth and sky;
When (the warm sunset's blush still glowing)
The young mild moon peeps forth on high,
And when the evening breeze comes stealing
Sweet perfume from the flowery lea —
In those calm hours of gentle feeling
A thought from thee!

And, oh! at times when none are near,
When pensive mem'ries of the past —
Dim dreams of future joys appear —
Around thee clustering thick and fast,
When all is quiet — hushed within —
Thy soul from earth's allurements free;
In those dear hours I fain would win
A thought from thee!

Many illustrious poets have written worse lines than these.

Years afterwards Edward Everett published a poem written in a somewhat similar strain though not so good.

When the city of Chicago was burned, I am told that my father's conveyancing books were saved, and that they are still in constant use, and the basis of much of the conveyancing in the old part of the city. Conveyancing books are the records of the titles to real estate.

I have always considered it the great misfortune of your grandfather's life, that his trend of mind led him into opposition at the time of our Civil War, which, under the guidance of the inspired and immortal Lincoln, resulted, as you know, in the abolition of slavery in America.

In the first place, your grandfather was a pronounced conservative, and by nature and habits of mind opposed to changes of all kinds; then again, as a lawyer, he

believed that under the Constitution, the States had the right to withdraw from the Union. In this he was upheld by some of the best Constitutional lawyers in this country. In the third place, he had been intimate with many Southern young men at Harvard, and had a strong attachment for them and their ways. They were a rich, gay, aristocratic lot, and played an important part in the social life of Harvard College at that period.

Fate, or these influences, put him out of sympathy with the war and the enforced abolition of slavery. Not that he would have had the South victorious, but he could not assist or sympathize with the North. It was, as I have said, most unfortunate. It cost him hosts of friends and changed the whole current of his life.

At the time of the war, and before it, I was too young to have formed my own views on these subjects, and my admiration and affection for my father led me to believe that whatever he said, and thought must be right. After the war he rarely, if ever, spoke of these subjects, much less discussed them, but he must have recognized the fact that his war views had seriously affected his position among a large class of his old friends in Boston.

He was a proud man, and never in words withdrew from his position, nor acknowledged a change of mind, but I think his silence, thereafter, regarding the war, what had led to it, and its results, indicated how keenly alive his sensitive nature was to the change that had taken place in his personal relations, and that he may

have realized too late, that he had made a serious mistake in judgment.

Though, no doubt, all this led to his going South in 1868, I do not think his sojourn there increased his affection or sympathy for that section of the country. In fact, I am sure, that over and beyond his misfortunes in business, the gentlemen of the South, whom he met, did not prove wholly congenial to him. In imagination, he had pictured them as companions of his youth, but in reality, they were much changed by age and the sorrows and terrible experiences of the long war through which they had so lately passed. So I am inclined to think this Southern episode helped to change the tenor of his beliefs, as it did the tenor of his life. Through all these most trying times, my dear mother was his constant and devoted companion. 1868

After this, he never sought other men and lived much by himself. He was a great reader, as I have said, and always fond of taking long walks, and so was never without occupation. But from that time on he saw practically only those who came to him, yet was he such a charming man, and so full of wit, and stories, and information, that many, especially younger men, did still seek his companionship.

COTUIT, MASSACHUSETTS

In the late fifties of the last century, when I was a boy of eleven or twelve, Charles R. Codman bought a

house in Cotuit, Massachusetts, and he and his family passed their summers there. His wife was Lucy Sturgis, my first cousin. Her own mother died when she was a young girl, and my mother had been a mother to her. In fact, I think her "Aunt Jeanie" was with Lucy at the birth of every one of her many children.

Cousin Charles and Lucy were most kind and useful cousins. For many years of my youth they asked me to stay with them for ten days or a fortnight every summer at Cotuit, and I loved it there. Other members of our family often stayed with Charles and Lucy at Cotuit, and grew very fond of the place and its people. My father and mother liked it so well that they went back to it for many of the last summers of their lives. There they were surrounded by a number of families of younger people who were devoted to them. When they lived at Cotuit they rented their Newport house.

Your grandfather was a great swimmer and used to spend an hour or more in Cotuit waters every pleasant day. He never touched the bottom from the time he went into the water until he came out, and this was a habit of his, even to the age of seventy-seven, the year before he died.

The house which they hired at Cotuit, belonged to Mr. Jefferson Coolidge, Minister to France. On one side of them lived John Templeman Coolidge and his wife, (Miss Parker, a sister of Mrs. George G. Lowell). Across the road, lived Doctor Algernon Sydney Coolidge,

brother of Jefferson Coolidge, and his family. Mrs. Coolidge was the sister of George G. Lowell and Edward Jackson Lowell, who was my most intimate friend from boyhood.

Doctor Coolidge and his family were delightful people, as were also the family of George G. Lowell, who lived nearby. George G. Lowell was the father of Judge Francis C. Lowell and of Mrs. A. Lawrence Lowell, wife of the President of Harvard University.

Nearby also lived my intimate friend, Edward J. Lowell, and not far off were the families of Augustus Perkins and other pleasant people. In fact, your grandfather and grandmother were thus surrounded by congenial families of a younger generation, who, as I said, were devoted to them.

It was certainly a very delightful and friendly community. Not a day passed that some of these good people did not drop in to sit awhile on my father's piazza, and Doctor Coolidge, that most delightful of men, could always be depended upon by the old people for a game of bezique at night.

Doctor Coolidge, in his younger days, was a great expert with broad-sword, single-stick, double-stick and foils. There was hardly a better professional in this country, especially in fencing. He had been taught abroad by the most distinguished masters, and had secured various foreign diplomas. I had become acquainted with him through his brother-in-law,

Edward Lowell, and he taught me fencing for two years before I went to college. Oh! the ease of digressing when I have so much to say!

It was at Cotuit that I learned as a boy, to sail a boat. I loved it and kept at it all my life, when circumstances permitted, as you know. Your grandfather and grandmother used to drive every pleasant afternoon at Cotuit through the sandy wood roads of the Cape. He was very easy on his horse and used to say, "I could n't enjoy myself unless I was sure my horse and I were having an equally good time together."

My father was a man of great personal dignity. He carried himself well, and was exceedingly particular about his dress. In the latter years of his life I have heard him say, "No gentleman can bathe and shave and dress properly in less than two hours," and I think he did himself spend that time in his dressing-room of a morning. He had a handsome foot and late in life always wore low-cut patent leather shoes and white stockings. He was a man of the very highest ideals of personal honor. I have known him to save his friends from financial loss at great personal sacrifice.

At one time, Mr. Robert Sturgis of Philadelphia, and Mr. William R. Robeson of Boston, his intimate friends, put $25,000 or $30,000 each into some cotton mills of which my father was treasurer, and in which he himself had a $30,000 interest. They made the investment with his advice, and for a number of years the mills were very

successful. At last, however, a man, who owned the controlling interest, interfered to such an extent that my father felt the investment to be in great danger.

He persuaded this man, however, to buy out Mr. Sturgis and Mr. Robeson for the amount they had paid for their interest, with the agreement on his part to turn over for nothing his own interest in the mills, some $30,000, as I said. Thus he saved his friends from a heavy loss. At the same time he resigned his position as treasurer. Within a very short time the owner of the mills went crazy, and within a few years more, the mills had failed.

When I was a Freshman in college, I was suspended for throwing snow-balls at a professor's window. It was a case of skylarking and without premeditated evil intent. I was hauled up before the august Faculty the same night and the next morning I entered my father's office, No. 13 Doane Street, Boston, feeling the veriest of culprits, frightened and ashamed. He looked up from his desk and said, "Hullo, Bob! What are you doing in town today?" I answered, "Pater, I have bad news; I've been suspended from college." "Good enough," he said; "we've missed you awfully, and shall be delighted to have you at home again." Not one question, not one word of rebuke — perfect confidence and perfect affection! Of course the tears streamed right down my cheeks, and from that moment, for life, he had made me his devoted slave.

He was a man of unbounded generosity and hospitality, of elastic and bouyant spirits. He never wished to talk of death. When my mother touched on unnecessarily gloomy subjects, he would often say "Jean, spare us the hearse with its plumes!"

How well I remember how cheerfully he entered the pleasant breakfast room at Newport on his seventieth birthday, saying, "Well, Jean, dear, hereafter I'm a tenant at will!"

Your Grandfather and Grandmother Boit both died in
1890 the year 1890. That winter your grandfather had a slight shock after playing billiards one morning in the Newport Reading Room, of which he was a member. I think he was playing with old Tom Hunter, who was an amusing character. In fact, Tom Hunter and his wife were both amusing. She was the Mrs. Malaprop of Newport. She said to me one day, "When Mollie (or Bessie) had the scarlet fever, every one in Newport tatooed me," meaning "tabooed." There were many stories of her sayings. Her husband, Tom, on their wedding journey, could never remember to put her down in the hotel registers, resulting in many inquiries into his apparently questionable proceedings.

Your grandfather gradually recovered from his first shock, to the extent of walking and getting about with some difficulty. His illness was a great anxiety to your grandmother, and in the spring, in Newport, at their pleasant old house "Longacre," opposite the

Episcopal Church, where Dr. Mercer preached, she died.

I think in character she was one of the loveliest, most self-sacrificing women I have ever known. All her family and friends were devoted to her, and in those days when a woman in childbirth wanted the nearest and dearest of her women-folk at hand, your dear grandmother was in constant demand, called upon by her nieces and children alike. There never was a calmer, more efficient woman with a tenderer face in a sick-room. Old Doctor Samuel Cabot used to say that she was a born nurse. And then her lovely hands!

She was one of the neatest and cleanest and most particular of women, and was always careful of her dress, especially of her caps, which were exquisite and worn from the time she was forty-five or fifty. Yet she was never extravagant and was heard to say, "What difference does it make how I dress — every one in Boston knows me." I also remember her once remarking with equal simplicity when we were living in Savannah, "What difference does it make what I wear — nobody here knows me." As I say, this was with simplicity, not as a pose, for she was verily one of the simplest of women.

I remember one day a friend remarked on her lack of interest in someone, and she answered, "I know it may seem queer, but really, Eliza, I never can take much interest in people my mother did not know." Such a true note of the Bostonians of a century or less ago!

I was with your grandmother throughout her last

illness and at the time of her death. I thought your grandfather would die under the stress of those dreadful days and nights, but he did not, and lived through the following summer at Cotuit, with most of his children
1890 about him, and died there in the autumn of 1890.

1889 In the spring of 1889, in Newport, a year before my mother died, they had celebrated their golden wedding, and many of their old friends and relations came down from Boston for the occasion.

When my mother died, her other children were away; Ned in Europe, Jeanie Hunnewell in Europe, and John rushing home from the West. He arrived just too late to see her again alive — in the afternoon of the day on which she died.

Later Ned and Jeanie came home from Europe leaving their families abroad, so that we all of us were with your grandfather during the summer at Cotuit. I took a house there for my family, and Ned passed the summer with me. John and Jeanie were, if I remember right, at your grandfather's.

It was during that summer that Ned painted a picture of the corner of the piazza where your grandfather always sat, with a view under the trees of Cotuit Harbor. Your mother is sitting with him. It hangs in my room over the mantel-piece. That same summer he painted the beautiful picture of Cotuit Harbor which is empanelled in your Aunt Jeanie Hunnewell's dining-room in Wellesley.

I think this letter from your grandfather to your grandmother on the forty-sixth anniversary of their wedding-day must be of interest. It was their custom to destroy all their letters, but this was found after your grandmother's death, among the few that she had kept.

"Longacre, June 13, 1885. 1885

"Dearest Jeanie:

"Whether it is the influence of this anniversary of the day when I drew the great prize of a man's life, a lovely, good and sensible wife, or whether this beautiful day adds its influence to the happy memory of our wedding day, I cannot say — but I feel in better spirits at this moment than I have since Ned left us.

"I must acknowledge first, however, the deep obligation I am under to you — for your love and devotion, for your charming companionship, and good and disinterested counsel, and your untiring energy and self-sacrifice in doing your duty and aiding in making me do mine through all these long and happy days of married life. Always happy days as far as *you* were concerned, and if any have been less so than the rest, the difference has been caused, once in a great while, by trials common to all, in the loss of our dear children (Lizzie, Joe and our little Julia). But oftener too, too often, I fear, by my own obstinacy, hastiness of temper, and disregard (though only momentary) of the rights and feelings of the best wife that man was ever blest with!

"My love for you is as great today as it was forty-six years ago, and if I am to live on, I pray that you may always be spared to be the friend and comforter of my old age. I beg your pardon for ever having wounded your feelings and will sincerely endeavor, in the future, to avoid doing so, and, if carried away by the vivacity of my disposition, I shall appear to be forgetful of this promise, I know, if you think that upon the whole, I am *trying* to keep it, you will forgive me, and be able *to believe* that though my *tongue* may sound rebellious, my *heart* is loyal and forever and forever only yours! . . . and every other blessing to my heart's best beloved. I am as ever affectionately yours.

"E."

His verses to her at the beginning of life and this letter near the end of it are the messages of a lifetime to all of us, and have their meaning. A gallant gentleman has gone to his rest!

VII

JULIA OVERING BOIT

Seventh Child of John Boit (2)

Chapter V

JULIA OVERING BOIT, your grandfather's youngest sister, married Russell Sturgis of Boston, of Russell & Co. of Canton, of Russell Sturgis & Co. of Manilla, and finally of Baring Brothers & Co. of London, where he rose to be head of the firm when their's was, next to the Rothschilds, perhaps, the best known firm of private bankers in the world.

Like so many of that generation of the Boits, your Great-aunt Julia was a very handsome and distinguished looking woman — I think the handsomest of this family of handsome women. She was tall and dignified with clear-cut features and a low brow. I mean her hair grew very low on her forehead, as did your Aunt Lizzie's — Billy Patten's mother.

She was a woman of commanding presence and she and her husband together, for Russell Sturgis was a notably handsome man, made a couple of unusual beauty. It is not strange that some of their children, too, should have been handsome, though it is a word that comes in so often in these family records, I am getting a little tired of it. I fear you young people who never saw these men

and women of an earlier generation may think I exaggerate or draw on my imagination. I believe I have confined myself quite within the limits of truth.

Mr. and Mrs. Sturgis entertained a great deal in their various country-houses in England, "Coombwood," "Mt. Felix," and "The Farm" at Leatherhead, as well as in their London houses in Upper Portman Place and Carlton House Terrace, and at one time it was said they had the best chef in London. I think I remember his salary, but hesitate to give it, for fear of exciting the envy of some of our mill treasurers.

Mr. and Mrs. Sturgis were famous for their hospitality, and there were few prominent Americans journeying abroad, who were not entertained by them. Nor were their entertainments confined to Americans, for many of the most distinguished people in London were to be met at their house.

William Story, the sculptor, made a large reclining statue of my aunt as Cleopatra, which is now in the Metropolitan Museum in New York.

1861 Your aunt, Elizabeth Greene Boit, (William S. Patten's mother) passed the winter of 1861 with her aunt, Mrs. Sturgis, in London, and was presented at Court, which in those days was a mark of distinction. She also stopped for some time in the London season with the Honorable Charles Francis Adams' family, when he was United States Minister to Great Britain, at the time of the Civil War in America and went into society under their

auspices. She met many noted people, and as she was full of humor, had some amusing stories to tell us of her experiences.

In those days no Americans held a better or more respected social position in London than Mr. and Mrs. Russell Sturgis, and it might well be said in the language of the Victorian era that no couple in dignity, and beauty, and intelligence, and charm, were better fitted to adorn society.

Aunt Julia Sturgis was the youngest of your Boit great-aunts, and like all the Boits of that generation, had her full share of temper and imperiousness. I think she held herself under better control than some of them, though Heaven help the unfortunate upon whom her momentary wrath descended! But none of the Boits had those nasty, brooding, subcutaneous tempers. With them all it was a flash in the pan. The thunder and lightning might knock things flat in a jiffy, but afterwards the sun came out brighter than ever, one was permitted to get to one's feet, rub one's eyes, and to discover there was nothing better to do than to smile and bask again in its genial warmth.

I saw her only when I was a boy, but I loved her dearly and thought of her often, for she never forgot me at important epochs of my life. When I was eighteen she gave me my first gold watch, the one I have turned over to your brother John. Not long after she sent me a set of carbuncle studs and cuff buttons

that I have worn all my life in remembrance of her.

When your sister Mary was born, she sent me from London a most wonderful box of baby clothes, which lasted for years. A short time after that when I was living somewhere on the Hudson, and Mary dying of malarial fever, I received a check from her that enabled me to take Mary and her mother at once to Narragansett Pier, where the dear little baby gradually recovered. Without a doubt that act of hers saved Mary's life. These are but a few of her many, many kindnesses to me, so it is not surprising that I remember her with the deepest gratitude and affection.

RUSSELL STURGIS

Uncle Russell Sturgis married three times. His first wife was a cousin of his, a Miss Lucy Paine. I have heard it said that she was ill, perhaps consumption, and that he married her to take care of her. She died without children. His second wife was my mother's sister, Mary Hubbard. I will write of her later. His third wife was my father's sister, Julia Overing Boit, of whom I am now speaking. Oddly enough, Russell Sturgis named his first daughter by his second wife, Lucy Paine, after his first wife; and his first daughter by his third wife, Mary Greene Hubbard, after his second wife, my Aunt Mary.

He was a most delightful and agreeable man and many stories were told of him. At one time, while living

in London, he had a very beautiful little box from which, when a spring was pressed, a little canary bird came out and sang. He was very fond of showing this to his guests and one night after he had been exhibiting it, it disappeared. He had no suspicion as to which of his guests, if any, had stolen it. Within a year or two, as he was going down Bond Street one day, he looked into a jeweler's window and there, sure enough, was his little box. He could get no clew from them as to whence it had come, and he bought it again.

One day at dinner, in London, he was telling his guests how within a few days, and for the first time of his life, he had been robbed of his watch, and had advertised that he would pay liberally for its return, and that no questions should be asked. Just then his butler told him there was a man at the front door who insisted upon seeing him at once upon important business. So he excused himself from the table and went to the door. There stood a man who said he had his watch. Uncle Russell paid the man five or ten pounds, and received his watch and chain, and put them in his pocket. Then he said, "Of course, as you know, I promised not to ask any questions, but I do wish you would show me how you did the trick, as I was never robbed before." The man said, "I'll show you. I did it this way," etc., etc., making certain quick passes at him. Uncle Russell thanked him and returned to his guests. When he entered the dining-room he said, "Well, that is a

coincidence! I've got my watch again!" Then he began to explain just how the man said he had stolen it in the first place, and starting to pull his watch from his pocket, exclaimed, "By Jove, the man's got it again and the money too!"

He was very fond of driving a coach and four, especially to the races. He was rather a rapid and reckless driver, and I've heard people say he had many "hair-breadth 'scapes." I think it was Mr. Henry S. Hunnewell who told me that one day when he was staying at "The Farm" at Leatherhead with a party of guests, Mr. Sturgis proposed to take them to drive on his coach. The top was covered with people. As they started from the door the leaders were frightened at something, became unmanageable, and in a moment the whole team was on the dead run.

Mr. Sturgis managed to keep them to the avenue, but at the gate the turn into the road was abrupt and, of course, the horses dashed straight ahead, across the road, and over a fence, where the whole party were thrown into a plowed field. When they had all got to their feet and found that no one had been hurt, Mr. Sturgis, who was entirely cool and cheerful, said, "Now, I think it 's the right time for a kiss all round!" I have understood this was the last time he ever drove a four-in-hand. He was then a man well on in years.

Another anecdote of Uncle Russell occurs to me. He was a most generous and charitable man, but one day

he was approached for a subscription by a committee from some charitable organization in which he was not interested, or of which he did not approve, and he declined to subscribe. The men were most persistent and finally one of them said, "Of course, Mr. Sturgis, you realize that the Lord has appointed you merely as a trustee of this great wealth which you control." "Yes," answered Mr. Sturgis, "I quite understand my responsibility. No doubt, if the Lord had thought you would make a better trustee, he would have appointed you instead."

When I was a child, he and his family lived at "Rookwood," on Scarborough Street, a place he built just near our place "Ingleside" on Forest Hills Street. Forest Hills Street was then called Jube's Lane, after a negro who had lived in a cottage at the foot of the next hill towards Boston. After Uncle Russell had lived there a short time, he decided that he had not made enough money in the East to live comfortably in America. He thereupon arranged to go again to the Orient with his family. The steamer he was to take from Boston should have got him to London in time to connect with the next steamer sailing for China.

The expressman who brought their belongings to East Boston from "Rookwood" was so late that the Cunarder sailed without them. When he (the expressman) arrived at the dock he found all Mr. Sturgis' family waiting there and the steamer gone. Mr. Sturgis was so kind to him, when he learnt that the delay was not

altogether his fault, that the poor man burst into tears. This delay forced Mr. Sturgis and his family to await the next steamer from Boston and to remain several weeks in London for the following steamer bound to the East. It was during this delay in London that a partnership in Baring Brothers & Co's firm was offered him, thereby changing his whole life.

So it might be said that Mr. Sturgis' position, as a member of this great banking house, was directly due to the tardiness of a Jamaica Plain expressman. Of course, but for his own reputation as a business man and gentleman, he would not have been offered the position, but the opportunity arose from his delay in London, and the expressman gave him this opportunity.

Russell Sturgis and Julia Overing (Boit) Sturgis had four children: Henry P. Sturgis, Julian Sturgis, Mary Greene Sturgis and Howard Overing Sturgis, my first cousins.

1. Henry P. Sturgis, the oldest son, married Mary Cecilia Brand, the daughter of Mr. Brand, who was Speaker of the House for many years, and later Lord Hampden. They had a number of children, who are your second cousins. One son, Henry, is at present an officer in the Rifle Brigade. One daughter, Olive, married Mr. George Barnard Hankey, an officer in the army and at present with his regiment. After the death of his first wife, he married the only daughter of George Meredith, the novelist. She was, and no doubt is, a very handsome

woman. They also have had two children. For many years he has been a Director of the London and Westminster Bank. He inherited "The Farm" at Leatherhead from his father and lives there and in London.

2. Julian Sturgis, the second son of Russell and Julia Sturgis, married Mary Maud Beresford, related to the then Bishop of Armagh. Julian died some years ago and left his widow with several children. He was a novelist of distinction, an Oxford man, and a handsome and delightful companion.

3. Mary Greene Sturgis, the daughter of Uncle Russell and Aunt Julia, married Leopold Richard Seymour, Colonel of the Guards, and descended from an illustrious English family. Most of my own people knew him well and were exceedingly fond of him, and I, myself, found him a most courteous, friendly, and simple gentleman. He had a great admiration for Aunt Julia and told my brother Ned that in rooms full of the nobility of England, where he had often seen her, Mrs. Sturgis always stood out, as the most distinguished and aristocratic-looking woman among them — a high tribute from an Englishman to his American mother-in-law!

Leopold and Mary (Sturgis) Seymour had five sons and two daughters, your second cousins.

Several of the sons entered the army and navy and the Diplomatic Service. Beauchamp, the fourth son, is in the 60th Rifles. Edward, the third son, has a staff

appointment in the army. Ethel Seymour, the second daughter, married Eric Bonham, who is at present on Prince Arthur's staff.

4. Howard Overing Sturgis, Uncle Russell and Aunt Julia's third son, and youngest child, is, as you know, unmarried. He was an Eton and Oxford man. He has written several excellent novels, as well as his brother Julian, and is a man of unique and delightful personality, with an unusually large circle of friends. Every member of our family has been indebted to him time and time again for great hospitality. He has lived for years in that charming place of his "Queen's Acre" Windsor.

The Sturgis and Boit families are also related through Susan (Boit) Inches, my first cousin, who married Robert S. Sturgis, to several families in Philadelphia where they brought up their handsome family of boys and girls. All their children are your second cousins. There were seven of them.

I think I have now told you the story of your Grandfather Boit and, in a general way, of your relations through him.

HUBBARD

Chapter VI

AS I have said my mother was Jane Parkinson Hubbard.

The Hubbard genealogy in this country is so long and well known that I will write chiefly of those Hubbards from whom we are directly descended.

The first Reverend William Hubbard came to Boston in America in 1635. He was born in England in 1595. 1635 1595
He settled in Ipswich, Massachusetts, and became a pastor there. He died in 1670. I do not remember his wife's 1670
name beyond that it was Judith and that he married her in Cambridge, England, in 1620. 1620

A son of his named Richard, who graduated from Harvard in 1653, married Sarah Bradstreet, daughter of 1653
Governor Bradstreet, and this Richard's daughter, Sarah Hubbard, married the Reverend John Cotton.

Another son of Reverend William Hubbard (1) was named after his father, William, and also became Reverend William Hubbard (2) of Ipswich. It is from him that we are descended. He was born in 1621 and graduated 1621
from Harvard in 1642. This was the first class that ever 1642
graduated from an American college. There were nine in the class. He was known as the Historian and published a book on the "Indian Wars" and the "History

of New England." He twice officiated as the president
1688 of Harvard College, the last time being June 2, 1688,
when President Increase Mather was abroad. He died
1704 September 14, 1704 and it is reported of him, "He goes
to ye lecture, after to Col. Appleton's, goes home, sups,
1752 and dyes that night." A hundred years later, in 1752,
Thomas Hubbard was the treasurer of the college. This
Reverend William Hubbard (2) married Margaret Rogers.

1648 Their son John Hubbard (3) was born in 1648 and
1710 died in Boston in 1710. He married Anne Leverett,
daughter of Governor Leverett.

Their son, Reverend John Hubbard (4) was born in
1677
1695 1677, graduated from Harvard in 1695, and died in 1706.
1706 He married Mabel Russell.

1706 Their son, Daniel Hubbard (5) was born in 1706, and
1741 died in New London in 1741. He graduated from Yale
1727 in 1727, and married Martha Coit.

1736 Their son, Daniel Hubbard (6), was born in 1736, and married Mary Greene of Boston. He lived and died in Boston. He was a Tory when our Revolution broke out, but whether he remained so throughout our war for independence, I do not know.

It is my impression he was the first Hubbard to own plantations in Demerara.

It is the portraits of this Daniel Hubbard and his wife that were painted by John Singleton Copley, and they are a most aristocratic and charming looking couple. You are no doubt familiar with the excellent copies of these

portraits that are owned by your Uncle Edward Darley Boit.

The original paintings are now owned by Mrs. William Tudor, who was Elizabeth Whitwell, and whose mother was Mary Hubbard, a daughter of Henry Hubbard, a younger brother of my grandfather, John Hubbard—both John and Henry being the sons of Daniel Hubbard (6) and Mary Greene. It was said by my mother and her brother, the Reverend John P. Hubbard, that these pictures by Copley were left by their grandfather, Daniel, to their father, John, who was the oldest son, but that they were lent by him, when he was going abroad, to his younger brother Henry; that my grandfather died soon after without reclaiming the pictures, and that my grandmother was never willing to ask for their return.

If this is true, I feel sure that neither Henry's daughter, Mary Whitwell, nor her daughter, Elizabeth Tudor, ever knew of it; besides which the silence of the family immediately interested unquestionably made a gift of them. If they had been inherited from my grandfather, John Hubbard, by his eldest son, Gardiner Greene Hubbard, they would now be owned by his son, your cousin, Francis Stanton Hubbard, the oldest of the male race in this line of the family. There are, of course, many other branches of this Hubbard family.

To go back to Daniel Hubbard (6) and Mary Greene, who sat for these portraits. One of their daughters, Martha, born in 1758, married Adam Babcock. Adam 1758

Babcock and his family were prominent in this vicinity as late as the middle of the nineteenth century. Their children married into the Bowditch and Higginson families, to whom we are thus related.

When I was a boy, I used to be taken by my mother to see an old Aunt Babcock — great-aunt I suppose — who lived, as I remember, in a house on Walnut Street, Brookline. It is a very old house and stands there today, directly opposite and facing the road that goes down the steep hill towards Jamaica Pond, skirted on the left by the Charles Sargent place. This old Babcock place is entirely surrounded by the John L. Gardner place and Walnut Street. It has a date on its chimney. When I was a child, this was called the old Babcock house, although it is now known by some other family name.

At one time I owned the Babcock family Bible and a number of their family letters written at the beginning of the last or nineteenth century. I gave them to Ernest Bowditch, who is a direct descendant of Adam Babcock. I remember in one of this old gentleman's letters, written when he was about eighty, and his wife some twenty years younger, to a son who had lived for many years in Mauritius, or the Isle of France, he said, "Your lovely mother wears like a diamond — God bless her!" I could not forget that. It means so much at the end of life.

Another daughter of Daniel Hubbard (6) and Mary
1760 Greene, named Elizabeth, born in 1760, married Gardiner

Greene of Boston, who thereby became the brother-in-law of my grandfather, John Hubbard. Gardiner Greene was one of the wealthiest and most prominent men of his day. His house stood on Somerset Street, with gardens running down to Tremont Street and with a fine view of Boston Harbor. I have understood my mother to say that the old Hubbard house stood by the side of the Gardiner Greene house, between it and Beacon Street, with similar gardens and terraces to Tremont Street.

There were several alliances between the Greene and Hubbard families, still further enlarging relationships with Boston families — among them the Amorys.

After the death of his wife, Elizabeth Hubbard, Gardiner Greene married, in 1800, Elizabeth Copley, daughter 1800
of John Singleton Copley, the painter, and a sister of John Singleton Copley, Jr. — afterwards Lord Lyndhurst. It is said she was a good mother to the children of his first wife. I think Elizabeth Hubbard left three children.

Daniel Hubbard (6) and Mary Greene, are your great-great-grandfather and -grandmother.

JOHN HUBBARD (7)

Son of Daniel Hubbard (6) and Mary Greene

Chapter VII

JOHN HUBBARD (7), my grandfather, was born
1765 in Boston, in 1765, and died October 1, 1836. He
1836 was, of course, a brother of Elizabeth — Mrs. Gardiner Greene. He first married Elizabeth Patterson, but left no surviving children by her. His second wife was Jane Parkinson, my grandmother.

John Hubbard (7) was one of the richest and most prominent citizens of his day in Boston. Not only was he a large owner of real estate in Boston, but he was also an extensive sugar planter in Demerara, South America. His largest plantation was called "Mainstay" and there the family often passed their winters. There two of his children were born, his daughter Anne, afterwards Mrs. James White of London, and one other.

My aunts and uncles had many stories of life in Demerara, but alas! I cannot recollect them, though I do remember their telling of one incident. One morning while all the family were on their knees at prayers, and an old Mr. Austin, a relation, reading to them from the Bible, the reading stopped. After a few moments while they still waited devoutly, with closed eyes, they heard him say, "It's the ship Eliza," and looking up they found him, still on his knees, with a telescope resting

on the window-sill in front of him, watching a vessel under full sail just making the harbor!

John Hubbard (7) owned many slaves in Demerara. They were finally freed and paid for by the British Government. Thereafter his plantations were given up. He and my grandmother often went abroad, and returning from one of these journeys they brought with them in the early years of the last century some fine old furniture, several pieces of which I still own.

They were bought in London at the sale of furniture of one of the Embassies — the Russian — I have always understood. The bookcase and writing-desk or secretary is said to be either a Buhl or Reisner. I am rather inclined to think the latter, though Mrs. Robert Apthorp (the mother of the late William F. Apthorp, the musical critic) who had been intimate with my mother from girlhood, said she had always heard it called Buhl. The card-tables also are handsome.

Your Great-aunt Charlotte (Blake) Hubbard (Mrs. Gardiner Greene Hubbard) also inherited two similar card-tables. My pier-table on which the Lion clock stands, was bought at the same time, but is, I think, of another period.

On one occasion returning from Europe, they brought home with them an English nurse, Mary Thompson, and and an English cook, Phoebe Robinson. Mary Thompson, or Mammie Thompson, as she was called, brought up my mother and several of my Hubbard uncles and aunts,

and her daughter, Katie Thompson, was our own nurse and brought me up and some of my sisters.

When we were grown, Katie went for a while to my cousin, Mrs. Robert Sturgis of Philadelphia, to care for her children, and then came back to my sister, your Aunt Jeanie Hunnewell, and brought up all her girls, and lived with her until she died at the age of seventy. Thus she and her mother actually brought up three generations of our family.

When my grandmother died, she left old Mammie Thompson a legacy which took care of her comfortably, and gave her a nice little house in Newton, where she and old Phoebe, the cook, lived together till Phoebe died. Then Mammie Thompson went to Somerville and lived with a married daughter, Jane Hatch. When Jane Hatch's son, Arthur, grew up, I took him into my office. He is a fine fellow and is now in a prominent position with the Sun Fire Office.

Mammie Thompson and Phoebe died when I was young, but I remember them well. When I was a child, Katie often took me to her mother's in Newton, and sometimes to stay for several days. Mammie was a fine old woman, as was her daughter Katie.

Phoebe was said to have been one of the best cooks that ever lived. I chiefly remember, when I was a little child, her sitting in a rocking-chair, knitting, in Mammie Thompson's kitchen, and waiting to kiss me good-morning and good-night. How I dreaded it! She was a shrivelled

up old woman in cap and spectacles, apparently without teeth, and with coarse bristling hairs in unusual places about her face. This kissing was one of the ordeals of my childhood, and I was called upon to do it with amazing regularity.

Children are so curiously observant and their feelings in these respects receive so little consideration. Fortunately for the youngsters of today, the succulent and caved-in lips of the old people of my youth are no longer so painfully in evidence. Dentistry supplies this decadence of nature, and often in this respect age appears to be in better condition than youth.

I recollect, too, that Mammie Thompson had a cross little white dog that was always snapping and barking at me, and tried my courage to the utmost.

Then, too, we had another fine old family servant — Janet Black, a Scotch woman — a seamstress, who lived with us for many years, from the time when I was a boy. She afterwards lived with your Aunt Jeanie Hunnewell, and died at her house at the advanced age of ninety-one. She too was of the best and devoted to the family. I could sing today songs she sang to me when I was a child. She was of a sentimental nature, and one of her songs went like this:

We met — 't was in a crowd,
And I thought he would shun me,

He spake, his words were love,
And his eye was upon me.

. . . . . .

. . . He's wed to another.
Oh! thou, hast been the cause,
Of this anguish! My mother!

It is pleasant to recall these faithful old servants, who seemed like true members of our family.

But to go back to my grandfather, John Hubbard (7): As I have said, he owned a great deal of real estate in Boston. He seemed to have the same views as some of the ancestors of the rich New York families. He bought land and built upon it and then rented his houses — and these are some of the houses I happen to remember that he built and owned:

A portion of the Liberty Square Warehouses, where is now Liberty Square; the houses on the south side of Howard Street; a number of houses on Somerset Street; either three or four houses on Beacon Street, beginning at the east corner of Beacon and Joy Streets; three or four houses on Mt. Vernon Place, beginning with house nearest the State House on the south side of the street. The house No. 8 Walnut Street, on the east side, with a yard towards Beacon Street, and with one row of its windows looking down Chestnut Street. This is the house in which I was born, and a delightful house it is,

by the way! — many houses on both sides of Chestnut Street; all the houses on the lower side of West Cedar Street between Chestnut Street and Mt. Vernon Street.

Some of these houses were owned by his children when I was a boy, but I think they have now all passed out of the family. A Mr. Curtis told me he bought, a few years ago, one of the houses originally built by my grandfather, on Chestnut Street, simply because it was so well built, and had such handsome fireplaces, staircases and wood-work in it.

When the Marquis de Lafayette visited this country in 1824, at the invitation of Congress, he was entertained in Boston. My mother told me their family coach was borrowed by the city to take him about, because her father's coach was at that time the only coach, or one of the few coaches in Boston, with liveried servants. I wonder if there were two on the box, and two hanging to the straps behind! 1824

By the way, for this occasion an arch was built on the Neck, now Washington Street, just above Dover Street — a triumphal arch under which Lafayette was driven — and on it was an inscription too good to be forgotten. It was written by Charles Sprague, and was as follows:

WELCOME, LAFAYETTE

"The fathers in glory shall sleep,
That gathered with thee to the fight;
But the sons will eternally keep
The tablet of gratitude bright.
We bow not the neck; we bend not the knee:
But our hearts, Lafayette, we surrender to thee!"

Towards the end of his life, John Hubbard (7) lost a very considerable part of his property in a most unfortunate and unforseen way. He was in Europe with my grandmother and had left one of his Hubbard cousins in charge of his property during his absence. One day a man who owed my grandfather a note for $1,000, came into this cousin's office and said he could not pay the note which was about to fall due, but would secure it, by transferring to him, my grandfather, ten shares in a large manufacturing corporation. I think it was a cotton mill. His cousin thereupon accepted the security and had it transferred to my grandfather — no doubt a natural thing to do, but without my grandfather's knowledge or consent.

Within a very short time and while Mr. Hubbard was still abroad, the corporation failed and it was found that he was one of the few stockholders of large means. At that time every stockholder was liable for the debts of a corporation. When my grandfather got the news, if I am not mistaken, he appointed his son-in-law, Russell

Sturgis, then a young man, to make the best settlement he could with his creditors.

A settlement was made for $350,000, or thereabouts, and to raise this sum Mr. Sturgis was obliged to sell at a great sacrifice large parcels of Mr. Hubbard's real estate. Such a loss made a great hole in his fortune and in his happiness, and I am under the impression he did not live for many years after this calamity. Still, when he and my grandmother died, there was left some $400,000 or $500,000 to be divided among his heirs. Even that amount was a large fortune in those days. I have understood that this was the last case of the kind in Massachusetts, for the great injustice of it was realized and the law was changed.

This John Hubbard (7), your great-grandfather, was also one of the first citizens of Boston to build a summer cottage at Nahant. It is my impression that his and Mr. Perkins' houses were actually the first. His Nahant house was at the northwest corner of the street which runs south from the church used in summer by the cottagers, next to the property now owned by the heirs of the late Charles T. Lovering. The land ran to the little road above the beach and looked southwest towards Deer Island and the channel. There his large family of boys and girls are said to have passed many happy summers.

It was in those days that your grandfather, Edward Darley Boit, with his brothers-in-law, Gardiner Greene

Hubbard, John P. Hubbard, George Hubbard, and their friend, Mr. William Dehon, hired a small yacht from Boston, and with its skipper started off one morning to fish and shoot on some of the islands off the Beverly shore.

Between Nahant and Egg Rock, a fierce Northwester struck them and they capsized, and their yacht, with colors flying, went to the bottom like lead. Fortunately for them they were closely followed by Captain Benjamin C. Clarke in his schooner-yacht Raven, and as they capsized, she shot so close to them that the skipper and George Hubbard managed to jump aboard. The rest of them were twenty minutes or more in the water before the Raven could get back and pick them up. Meanwhile John Hubbard, who went over with his shot-gun in his hand, his shooting-jacket pockets weighed down with powder and shot, and wearing long-legged shooting-boots, had a hard time of it. My father said at first John tried to hold his gun above the water, but only his eyes showed, and soon the gun went down. Then he managed to slip out of his shooting-jacket, and before he was rescued he had already got off one of his boots. Uncle John was always a great swimmer even to the end of his life.

Your Grandfather Boit had busied himself with Mr. Dehon, who could not swim, and succeeded in keeping him up until they were all rescued by Captain Clarke. Mr. Dehon considered that your grandfather had saved

his life, and he expressed his sense of obligation in a very pleasant way. Every Christmas thereafter as long as he lived, he sent my brother Ned a handsome Christmas present. You can easily imagine the first question we other children asked on Christmas morning was, "What has Ned got from Mr. Dehon?"

I remember one of these presents, many, many years after the accident, was the fastest sled on Boston Common, which had been renamed by him "Jane," after my mother. I was devoted to coasting, so this sled soon came to me, and with her I won many a race.

Two paintings of this shipwreck were made at the time by a Boston artist: one is owned by a descendant of Mr. Benjamin C. Clarke, and the other, as you know, I inherited, and gave to your brother John. It hangs in his room.

The last generation was full of tales of this Nahant house, but I have forgotten most of them. One recurs to me:

George Hubbard's room was directly off the breakfast-room, and one morning after the rest of the family had apparently finished breakfast and gone, George slipped in there directly out of bed and in very scant attire. Suddenly he heard some one at one of the doors coming in. There was nothing to do but slip under the table concealed by the cloth. Who should enter but my Aunt Julia Boit, who was staying with them, and was also late. She sat down at the table and quietly ate her breakfast.

George stood it as long as he could, but was growing colder and more uncomfortable all the time. Suddenly Aunt Julia heard a familiar voice from under the table: "Julia, if you don't leave this instant, I'll come out *just as I am!*" and she fled incontinently. She knew her man.

John Hubbard (7) married Jane Parkinson, as I have said. Her brother, John Parkinson (1), had a farm near us when I was a boy and lived at "Ingleside," our place on Forest Hills Street. His place was also absorbed by Franklin Park. When the father of this John and Jane Parkinson died, their mother married a Mr. Austin. She was my great-grandmother.

I remember her, though I think her daughter, Jane, my grandmother, died within a year of my birth. This Great-grandmother Austin (formerly Mrs. Parkinson) had children who were, of course, half-brothers and half-sisters of John Parkinson (1) and Jane Parkinson, my grandmother. One of these half-sisters, Letitia Austin, who was my mother's aunt, married Jonathan Amory, and her children were George Amory, Charles B. Amory, Gordon Amory, Mrs. Harriet Garner of New York, Mrs. Manlius Sargent of Boston, and several others.

This George Amory married Caroline Bigelow, daughter of Judge Bigelow, and their daughter, Constance, who married Alexander Philip Wadsworth, has been at our house in Islesboro, Maine.

Charles B. Amory married Lily Clap, of New Orleans, and has several sons and daughters.

Gordon Amory married Miss Ernst and has no children.

As I have shown you, the children of Jonathan Amory were my mother's first cousins and my first cousins, once removed.

Mrs. Garner (Harriet Amory) was the mother of the first wife of Oliver Iselin of New York, the great yachtsman.

Mrs. Manlius Sargent was the mother of Mrs. Nathan Matthews of Boston, and Sullivan Sargent of Boston, who are my second cousins.

The son of John Parkinson (1) my great-uncle, was John Parkinson (2) who married Gertrude Weld, and was my first cousin, once removed. His son, John Parkinson (3), who married Miss Emmons, is my second cousin.

Many of the children of Jonathan Amory and Letitia (Austin) Amory were extremely distinguished-looking men and women, very high-bred and with much personal dignity, and Harriet Garner was certainly very beautiful.

It is through a brother of Aunt Letitia (Austin) Amory that we are also related to Mary Austin, the mother of Mrs. I. Tucker Burr.

Through the Greenes we are also related to another branch of the Amory family, and also to the Hammond family of Boston.

Mr. Charles Hubbard (1) of Weston was also my mother's first cousin. Charles W. Hubbard (2) of Weston, whose son, Charles W. Hubbard (3) was a classmate and friend of your brother John, is my second

cousin, as also his sisters, Lottie Hubbard (Mrs. Benjamin Young), Elizabeth Hubbard (Mrs. Francis Blake), and Loulie Hubbard (Mrs. Canda of New York).

The late Mrs. Martin Brimmer of Boston, who was a Miss Timmins, was named oddly enough Mary Anne, after my aunts, Mary and Anne Hubbard.

I have heard it said that from Reverend William Hubbard (1) to Francis Stanton Hubbard (9) in direct descent, none of these Hubbards had been in trade.

Having explained who John Hubbard's (7) wife, Jane Parkinson was, and having told you of some of her relations, I will turn to their children — my Hubbard uncles and aunts.

CHILDREN OF JOHN HUBBARD (7) AND JANE PARKINSON

1806 1. Mary Hubbard, born in 1806, the second wife of Russell Sturgis, who afterwards married my Aunt Julia Overing Boit. Their children were:

Russell Sturgis (2) who first married Susan Welles of Boston and by her had children: Russell Sturgis (3), who married Anne O. Bangs; Susan Welles Sturgis, who married John Preston; Richard Clipston Sturgis, who married Esther M. Ogden of New York; William Codman Sturgis, who married Carolyn Hall, who passed much of her youth in South America.

1811 2. Anne Hubbard, born in 1811, who married James White of London and Ceylon. In Ceylon he was a

successful merchant. He represented Messrs. Baring Brothers & Co. there for many years, and finally retired from business and returned to London. They had many children and descendants. Their most illustrious son was John Hubbard White who became a General of the Royal Engineers in the British army, and was at one time Master of the Mint in Bombay.

3. Gardiner Greene Hubbard (8), born 1813, who married Charlotte Caldwell Blake, a first cousin of George Baty Blake, who married her sister. Their children are Francis Stanton Hubbard (9), who married Mabel Hill, an Englishwoman, and John G. Hubbard, who married Jane Frances Ferguson. 1813

4. Elizabeth Hubbard, born in 1815, who married John Singleton Copley Greene. She left no children. She was said to have been a beautiful and brilliant woman, very musical and with a lovely voice. 1815

5. Martha Hubbard, born in 1816. When she was about eighteen, she walked to a party and home again in thin slippers. She took a violent cold and died a short time after. She was engaged to be married at the time. 1816

6. Jane Parkinson Hubbard (8) born in 1818, who married Edward Darley Boit (3), my father and mother. I will speak of their children later. 1818

7. Reverend John Parkinson Hubbard, born in 1820, who married Adelaide McCulloh. They lost seven unmarried children. Their other children are Russell Sturgis Hubbard, married Miss Elizabeth Perry; Mary Hubbard, 1820

unmarried; Annie Hubbard, unmarried; Lucy Hubbard, married William Hamilton Jefferys; Edith Hubbard, unmarried.

8. George Hubbard, who married and died without children, after a most adventurous and unfortunate life.

I

EDWARD DARLEY BOIT (4)

Son of Edward Darley Boit and
Jane Parkinson Hubbard

Chapter VIII

EDWARD DARLEY BOIT (4) was born May 16, 1840, in Boston. He attended the Boston Latin 1840
School and later the school of Epes S. Dixwell in Boylston Place, the most popular school of the day, where he was finally prepared to enter college. He graduated from Harvard in the Class of '63. 1863

He was a large, strong man, nearly six feet tall, and rowed on his Freshman class crew, which in that year was successful against the Yale Freshmen on Lake Quinsigamond at Worcester. I remember, too, hearing most creditable stories of his prowess in a hand-to-hand encounter on the Delta with a Sophomore on "Football Night." I believe it was fought to a finish in the centre of an eager ring of students and that the honors were about evenly divided between the contestants, and with sufficient for both.

While in college, he was Secretary and President of the Institute; Secretary and Poet of the Hasty Pudding Club; a member of the D. K. E. and A. D. F. It is said that he wrote the initiation of the D. K. E., much of which was

used for a long time afterwards. He was Class Poet when
1863 he graduated in 1863, and I remember that James Russell Lowell highly commended his poem, and said it gave him great pleasure to be able to understand it, "which was so rarely the case with Class Poems."

I will add here the closing lines of this Harvard Class Day poem. I think them particularly appropriate to that occasion :

"Beside the College gate, on either hand,
Old "Harvard Hall" and "Massachusetts" stand,
Where long, through summer's heat and winter's snow,
They 've watched youth's annual tide now ebb, now flow.
And lo! a venerable form appears,—
His shoulders bending with the weight of years.
In at the gate, with faltering step and slow,
Across the shady green, we see him go.
Beneath his arm he bears a time-worn book;
Now round the scene he casts a curious look,
As if, 'mid passing groups, he sought to trace
The features of one well-remembered face.
Now, sighing, turns and wipes away a tear,
That he, once so well known, should be a stranger here.
And now he stands within that Gothic Hall,
Where countless volumes line the lofty wall;
And to the guardian of the treasures there
The old man thus : 'To thy protecting care
This volume I commit,—a sacred trust,—

Record of deeds, whose authors sleep in dust.
Long years ago, united heart and hand,
They issued from these walls, a youthful band,
With manly courage, and with honest hearts.
On Life's wide stage they played their various parts;
All strove alike, with powers some more, some less;
And all deserved, while some achieved success;
Some died in youth and manhood, some in age;
None left a blot on this unblemished page.
When, in their course, a few more seasons roll,
My happy name shall close the glorious scroll.'
— The vision fades! Classmates, it rests with you
To make this final picture *false* or *true!*"

After graduation, he entered the Harvard Law School, took his degree, and was admitted to the Massachusetts Bar.

At about this time he published in one of our magazines an essay on the Letters of Junius, which was very favorably reviewed by the critics. I have been told by some of his legal friends that he had an admirable legal and judicial mind, and should never have given up his first-chosen profession.

On June 16, 1864, a year after graduation, he was married in Christ Church, in Cambridge, to Mary Louisa Cushing, daughter of John Peck Cushing of Boston, a successful merchant, who had come back from the East with a large fortune and built the beautiful house, and 1864

laid out around it the fine estate which he called "Belmont," and after which the town of Belmont was named. Her mother was Mary Louisa Gardiner of Boston.

Mary Louisa (Cushing) Boit was an only daughter. Both her father and mother were dead at the time of her marriage. She had three brothers: John Gardiner Cushing, who married Susan Dexter; Robert M. Cushing, who married Olivia Dulany of Baltimore; and Thomas F. Cushing, who married Frances Grinnell of New York, who was the daughter of Moses Grinnell and a first cousin, once removed, of your mother, Lilian (Willis) Boit.

The wedding reception was a grand occasion. The lawns and gardens were in their most beautiful condition, the day itself perfect, and what can surpass a perfect day in June, with life in tune to it? It was a wonderful day, a wonderful place, a wonderful house, a wonderful gathering, and the very loveliest of brides.

I was just eighteen and a groomsman. I drove my bridesmaid over to Belmont that morning. We were so very young and so full of all the hopes and possibilities of life! We promised that if either of us were ever engaged the other should be the first told. What supreme simplicity and youth!

The groomsmen were Thomas F. Cushing, John C. Warren, Lawrence Mason, George C. Shattuck, Francis L. Higginson, Francis C. Loring, George Wheatland and myself, and the bridesmaids, my sisters Lizzie and Jeanie,

Anna Sargent, Rosamond Warren, Alice Bradlee, Marian Jackson, Harriet Inches, and Florence Dumaresq.

We had a grand time with dancing all the afternoon in the long drawing-rooms. This Belmont was more like a fine old English place than any near Boston, and its lawns and gardens and groves and farms and dairies and long avenues of English elms were unsurpassed. The gardens near the house were in their June beauty, and at that time no gardens near Boston equalled them. Over the centre of the garden was a large marqueé covering the fountain. Here the refreshments were served. How many delightful days and nights I passed there while I was in college! A few years later this place was sold by the Cushing family.

Your Aunt Isa, as Mary Louisa (Cushing) Boit was called, was one of the best friends I ever had, and our intimacy and affection lasted throughout her life without a break. A great, noble-hearted woman, whose foibles and eccentricities added to her charms. Once when she heard I was hard up, she wanted to sell her jewels to help me. Very properly she was not allowed to do so. The thought did not make me love her less.

In 1889, I went abroad with my brother Edward, who 1889
had been visiting this country. After passing a few weeks together in Paris, he and I went on to Ouchy, where Isa and the children were stopping at the Beau Rivage. There I picked up Isa and we two went to Bayreuth to a Wagner Festival, stopping in Nuremberg,

Basel, Heidelburg and Zurich, and one or two other places, going and coming. We had a great time, and she proved herself a most delightful and admirable travelling companion.

Shortly after their marriage your Uncle Edward built a charming house at Newport, above the Spouting Horn, at the end of Bailey's Beach, known as "The Rocks." They lived there and entertained there for several summers, until they went to Europe, in 1871. It is now owned by Henry Clews of New York.

1871

Your Uncle Edward and Aunt Isa spent a large part of their married life abroad, where several of their children were born, and where your uncle devoted his life to painting. They came to this country from time to time for longer or shorter visits, and your Uncle Ned crossed the Atlantic not less than forty or fifty times. He began work as a painter in 1871, studying for several years in Rome and Paris. In the spring of 1876, his picture, a landscape, "Rocks, Beach, and Ocean," was accepted at the Salon in Paris. His water-colors were distinguished and are in many galleries abroad. You are all, no doubt, familiar with the set of his water-colors purchased by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. He first worked with Frederick Crowninshield, in Rome, and later with Couture and especially with Francais, in Paris.

1871

1876

Your Uncle Edward Boit's wife, Mary Louisa Cushing died in Dinard, France, after a most painful illness, on the 29th of September, 1894, and was buried in Paris.

1894

There are four living daughters of this marriage and there were several children that died young. The living daughters are, Florence Dumaresq Boit, Jane Hubbard Boit, Mary Louisa Boit, Julia Overing Boit, and none of them have married.

January 5, 1897, your Uncle Edward Boit married his second wife, Florence Little, daughter of Captain William McCarty Little, U. S. N., of Newport, Rhode Island. 1897

April 28, 1902, his wife, Florence Little Boit, died in Paris, France, leaving two sons, Julian McCarty Boit and Edward Boit. She died at the birth of her last son, and was buried in Newport, Rhode Island. These boys, as you know, lived with the grandfather and grandmother, Captain and Mrs. Little, in Newport, Rhode Island, and are both at present in St. George's School in Newport. Captain Little died in March, 1915. 1902 1915

After the death of his second wife, your Uncle Ned built a large house next to mine on Colchester Street, Brookline, intending to pass his winters, for the remainder of his life, in America. After living in it for several winters, his daughters, who had passed so much of their lives abroad, could not accustom themselves to life in America, and persuaded him to take apartments in Paris. There they have remained, and their delightful house is rented to others. This was a great disappointment to me.

As you also know, your uncle and three of his girls have passed their summers for many years at his Villa "Cernitoio," twenty miles from Florence, near the famous

forests of Vallombrosa. It is an old convent, once owned by the monks of Vallombrosa, altered over into a villa by a Roman architect, employed by your uncle for that purpose. It retains the spirit of old Italy. It is in the mountains, some twenty-five hundred feet above the sea, with fine views down the Valley of the Arno, and of its surrounding ranges of hills and mountains. There are several hundred acres of lands, and a number of farms under cultivation on the place. Looking to the westward and sunsets, there are some fine terraces with fountains and flower gardens. A short distance below the terraces is the old picturesque square tower of Ristonchi, said to have been built in the tenth century. It is dwelt in by some of his farm laborers.

Henry James, the author, once said, after sitting awhile on one of the terraces, "Ned, you have the front seat in the finest theatre in the world!" or words to that effect.

In pleasant weather, on the upper terrace next the house, the family set their table for their meals, with one of the loveliest of views imaginable spread before them, as well as the best of Italian food. I think there are five fountains on the various terraces, playing day and night. Their cool and grateful singing is never more delicious than on warm summer nights, yet people have been known to ask to be moved to the other end of the house to get rid of the sound of them.

Your Uncle Ned was a good landlord. He not only brought down an abundance of water from the springs

in the mountains above him for the use of his own Villa and gardens, but also piped water to the various farms on his estate. The families on some of these farms have lived there for untold generations. They pay tribute, by way of rent, with a certain percentage of their farm products. His tenants were devoted to him and his family.

Of late years Edward Darley Boit (4) and his family have passed their winters in Paris, as I have said. This year, the winter of 1914–1915, they lived in Rome, 1914 1915
where your Uncle Edward died on the 21st of April, 1915, in the seventy-fifth year of his life. 1915

He had been taken seriously ill with hardening of the arteries ten months before, and had gone through a long period of great suffering.

John S. Sargent painted your uncle's portrait, and also that of his first wife, Mary Louisa Cushing, and again that of her four girls standing in their Paris hallway. They are all beautiful pictures and that of the children one of Sargent's masterpieces. At present this last picture is loaned to the Boston Art Museum. The others are in Paris.

Happening to refer to my journal, I find that on Thursday, April 9, 1903, I gave a dinner to John S. 1903
Sargent at the Somerset Club, and will give you the list of guests, which I think is an interesting one:

Benjamin Kimball, lawyer, and collector of all rare and lovely things, a connoisseur of art, a Papyrus president.

T. Russell Sullivan, who adapted the play of Jekyl and Hyde, and has written much in prose and verse; also a Papyrus president.

Horatio G. Curtis, bank president and collector of prints.

Henry S. Howe, merchant and collector of books and paintings.

Robert S. Peabody, architect, lover of art, yet still the man who built our custom house.

Edward Robinson, at that time Director of the Museum of Fine Arts.

Doctor Frederick C. Shattuck, my chum in college and friend ever since.

Joseph De Camp, the painter, Sargent and myself.

We sat down at half past seven and did not get up till half past twelve. A most agreeable lot of men, and a delightful evening!

I had the pleasure of entertaining Sargent on several other occasions and always found him a most charming companion. I never heard him say an unkind, or unpleasantly critical word of any fellow artist. He told me we had as good a set of portrait painters in Boston as there were in the world today, and cited specifically De Camp and Tarbell and Lockwood.

John Sargent once told me he did not really understand his own success, that he never felt that he controlled, had in his grasp, his own power to paint; that he felt as if it were outside of himself, and might leave him at any moment.

I, myself, have hung four of Sargent's water-color exhibitions, two in New York and two in Boston. It gave me an intimacy with, and appreciation of his wonderful work, that I could hardly have got in any other way.

Edward Darley Boit (4) was a man of great personal dignity and beauty. Nothing could give a better or more truthful idea of his face than Sargent's portrait of him. He was a very distinguished-looking man, and always most particular about his dress. His manners and bearing were as simple and distinguished as his person. He impressed all who knew him as a very "big" man, and his kindliness, and generosity, and hospitality were not to be surpassed.

In many ways he was a veritable prince and lived like one. Yet with all his love for the beautiful and refined in life, he was democratic in his tastes, and no respector of persons, or titles.

He did not know the meaning of the word snob, and I've heard him say, "The world is divided into two classes — those who are worth while, and those who are not." This was, I think, a very correct expression of his views, and he lived up to them.

He was a most cultivated man and a steady reader. He entertained many people in his various houses, and was always a most agreeable and admirable host. Whether they were rich and distinguished or poor and dependent, there was no difference in his treatment of them.

He had great self-control and self-possession, but when his indignation was once aroused, the wise kept quiet. My brother John used to say, "When you see Ned's eyes growing *beady*, look out for yourself!"

He was loved and respected and admired by all who knew him, and few had a greater host of friends. At his death a real personality left the world, and left the world richer by his art, and the memories of a manly, noble gentleman.

Edward Darley Boit was a member of the "Somerset Club," of Boston, the "Union," of Paris, and the "St. James'," of London.

II

ELIZABETH GREENE BOIT (4)

Daughter of Edward Darley Boit and Jane Parkinson Hubbard

Chapter IX

ELIZABETH GREENE BOIT was born in Boston, July 7, 1842. She was a fine-looking woman— 1842
at times decidedly handsome. She was an agreeable companion with a keen sense of humor. She went to various schools in Boston, finishing at that of Professor Agassiz, which was the fashionable school for young ladies in my young days.

I remember while Lizzie was there, the schoolgirls were set in a state of great commotion or emotion. One of them received anonymously the following verses, well suited to excite romantic thoughts in the feminine breast at the age of sixteen or eighteen. Of course they were soon read and copied by all the young women in the school, and thus through Lizzie, came into my possession.

THE DYING WISH

ANONYMOUS

Best beloved — beyond your sight,
Where the hills rise bleak and white;

One whose faint and erring feet
Walk where light and shadow meet;
One whose true heart never knew
Any other love but you —
Murmurs, on his death bed lying —
Love me — love — for I am dying.

Many a league of hill and plain
Stretches wide between us twain;
Traversed only by my thought,
Out of love and anguish wrought;
And my voice still trembles through
Songs once sung by me and you,
Like an echo low replying —
Love me — love — for I am dying.

Though the smiling angels wait
Leaning from the shining gate —
Though their white hands stretching down
Offer life's unfading crown —
I would yield it even now
For thy kiss upon my brow!
Crush me not with cold denying!
Love me — love — for I am dying.

Though sweet voices call me o'er
Softly to the other shore —

Where all sorrowing hearts find peace,
And their weary achings cease —
Yet my soul, which never knew
Any Heaven away from you,
Will not cease its anguish, crying —
Love me — love — for I am dying.

Lizzie was presented at the Court of St. James, in London, when she first came out into society.

1866
1867

My father and mother passed the winter of 1866–1867 in Providence, Rhode Island, so that my father might be near some printworks which he was then building at Apponaug, Rhode Island. My sister Lizzie returned from Europe at that time and passed the winter with them in Providence. Here it was that she met in society Joseph Hurlbert Patten, son of William S. Patten of Providence, and Eliza Bridgham Patten. William S. Patten, Joseph's father, was one of the prominent and well-to-do gentlemen of Providence and president, or cashier of one of its leading banks. I remember him well.

He was a particularly distinguished and aristocratic-looking man, dignified and courtly in his manner, and most punctilious in dress. His face was close-shaven and his features clear-cut and regular. Distinctly a gentleman of the old school, and with a quiet, self-possessed urbanity of manner, that one rarely has the pleasure of meeting today. His son, Joseph, was one of the best men I have known. He married Elizabeth Greene Boit,

1867 in Boston, on the 20th of June, 1867, when I had just become a senior in college.

They were married, I think, in the Arlington Street Church in Boston, and the reception was at our Boston house, No. 30 Marlborough Street. It was at this reception that my father said to one of Ned's friends as he was leaving the house, "Frank, come back and have another glass of champagne." "No, thank you, sir, I've had plenty already." "You don't look so," said my father. "Then," said Frank, "my looks belie my appearances!"

They lived after marriage in Providence, Rhode Island, with a pleasant summer place at Warwick Neck, Rhode Island, on Narragansett Bay. They were most hospitable people, and many a pleasant time have I passed with them both in Providence and Warwick.

1836 Joseph H. Patten was born March 8, 1836, was mar-
1867 ried, as I have said, on June 20, 1867, and died in
1874 Providence, in December, 1874, when he was only thirty-eight years old. His wife, Elizabeth (Boit) Patten, died
1875 in the following spring, April 14, 1875, when she was thirty-three years old. They left three children:

1869 Jane Boit Patten, born in Providence, June 8, 1869;
Eliza Bridgham Patten, born in Providence, September
1871 17, 1871, died in Jackson, New Hampshire, September
1890 4, 1890; William S. Patten, born in Providence, July 21,
1873 1904 1873, married to Anna Thayer, June 16, 1904, daughter of Nathaniel Thayer of Boston and Lancaster.

III

ROBERT APTHORP BOIT (4)

Son of Edward Darley Boit and
Jane Parkinson Hubbard

Chapter X

ROBERT APTHORP BOIT, was born at No. 8 Walnut Street, Boston, on the 29th of April, 1846. 1846

I passed the first seven years of my life at "Ingleside," on Forest Hills Street, in a house built by my father at that time, and, as I have said before, now embodied in Franklin Park. The seventh and eighth winters of my life we lived in West Cedar Street, Boston.

Our first winter in Boston, when I was seven, I went to a Miss Brown's school at the head of Chestnut Street, and the second to Miss Louisa Alcott's on Pinckney Street. She was the author of "Little Women" and many other children's stories.

I remember well her father, old Mr. Bronson Alcott, who was afterwards noted as one of the Concord School of Philosophy. When we were naughty, our punishment was to be put in a chair facing the table at which he sat in his library, and he would occasionally raise his gray-bearded head from his work, and from under his bushy eyebrows peer at us over his spectacles. That was sufficient to fill my infant soul with awe.

I was taught a good lesson one day by Miss Alcott. Annah and Charley Lovering, five and seven years old, also went to this school. I always heard them call Miss Alcott "Ollie" and so tried it myself one day. I was immediately reproved by her. She told me that she had been the governess of the Lovering children, and so they had got into the habit of calling her "Ollie," but she did not wish other children to call her so. I was only seven, but it made an impression I never forgot. Of course it hurt my feelings at the time, but the lesson was a useful one, and rarely, if ever, in life thereafter did I put myself in a position where I could be accused of being "fresh," as the slang term goes today.

1855 The following spring, in 1855, on my father's return from Chicago, he purchased a small house in Eliot Street, Jamaica Plain, near Jamaica Pond. They used to call the house the Crystal Palace, it had so many windows. My father added to it and made it very comfortable. We lived there until I was twelve. It was delightful to a small boy to be so near the pond, for there I learned to swim and skate at a very early age.

At this time we passed two summers at East Gloucester. The first summer we and Mr. and Mrs. David Greenough and their children, also from Jamaica Plain, and a Mr. and Mrs. Ashton and their one little girl filled a Wonson boarding-house, close to the shore opposite Ten Pound Island. The second summer we, and the Henry Sargent family filled the house, and my intimacy with

this delightful family began. Mr. Henry Sargent was the grandfather of Mrs. Henry S. Hunnewell.

While we lived in Eliot Street in 1855–1856, Lucy Sturgis stayed with us, and while there became engaged to Charles R. Codman. I remember they always sat with us in the evening and did not go off to a room by themselves, as do young couples of this generation, and others before them, when they had a chance. The conversation was general and often Lucy and my mother sang duets at the piano. They both had sweet, light voices and their songs were tuneful and simple. Lucy sang the contralto, or second, which seemed quite wonderful to me. When it was time for Charles to leave, I can hear my father say, "Lucy, go and find Charles' hat for him," and then with some embarrassment, they would disappear into the entry, and later the front door would close. 1855 1856

In the early winter of 1856, when I was nearly ten, my mother took me abroad with her to stay with Uncle Russell and Aunt Julia Sturgis in England. It was an important time in the family for Cousin Russell Sturgis, Jr., had just married Susan Welles, and Cousin Lucy Sturgis was going home to England, to be married to Charles Codman. We all went out together if I am not mistaken. 1856

We first went to Uncle Russell's place "Coombwood" near Richmond Park. There Lucy was married from her father's house, to Charles Codman, in the quaintest

and tiniest of little English Churches nearby, and on the border of Richmond Park.

There I learned to ride on "Donald," the Sturgis boys' Shetland pony, and great fun it was.

Some time after the wedding my mother and I went to Paris to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Wainwright. She was a Miss Coolidge and an old friend of mama. Paris made a great impression on me. For the first time even at this early age, I discovered French cooking, and rejoiced in the many delicious ways they cooked potatoes. We were in Paris over Easter, and I made my acquaintance with infinite varieties of inedible Easter eggs. We were there at the birth of the Prince Imperial, who was afterwards to be killed by the Zulus in South Africa. Twenty-one guns were to be fired if it was a girl — one hundred, if a boy. When the guns began to boom, all Paris rushed to the streets; at the sound of the twenty-second gun there was an uproar of enthusiam throughout the city. Little Gracie Wainwright of my own age told me the Lord had presented the Prince to the Empress in an Easter egg.

This Mrs. Benjamin Wainwright was a sister of Mrs. Benjamin T. Reed of Boston, one of my mother's bridesmaids. Mrs. Wainwright was killed by run-away horses attached to a hack. They dashed on to the Beacon Street sidewalk at the corner of Charles Street, where Mrs. Wainwright was walking with her sister, Mrs. Reed. The sisters had seen these run-away horses go

down Beacon Street and turn into Arlington Street. The horses ran entirely round the Public Gardens and came back to them at the corner of Beacon and Charles Streets.

This same Mrs. Wainwright had been saved, with her husband and child, from a burning ship in the middle of the Atlantic. They were separated in the boats and his hair turned white in a night. It had been a miraculous escape. Strange she should have been saved for such a horrid death as was hers at last! I think a daughter of hers married a Parrish of New York; was not her name "Elise?"

In the late spring of 1856, after my birthday, which I passed in London, my mother and I returned to Boston, where she was faced at the wharf with the news of the death of her brother, Gardiner Greene Hubbard. 1856

Robert Gould Shaw came over with us from London — he, who afterwards distinguished himself in the Civil War, and whose monument, showing him leading his colored troops, stands on Boston Common, opposite the State House. He seemed to me very old at the time, and won my entire respect and admiration by his affability and consideration. I suppose in reality he was not then much over twenty.

My mother and I crossed to England in the Cunard steamer, Canada, a side-wheeler of twenty-five hundred tons. We returned in the Baltic, a somewhat larger boat of the American line. I think most of her sister

ships were lost at sea. Certainly the Arctic and Pacific were.

We remained in Eliot Street until I was twelve. While there we had a militia company, comprising some ten or twelve boys of the neighborhood. I remember that we had red shoulder-straps and red stripes on our trousers, and that I owned and rattled the drum, which gave me a position and importance that I would not have swapped for the captaincy.

There is a rumor that this gallant company, at a street corner, suddenly encountered a drunken man, and incontinently fled for home. I fancy that at such a moment, the drum in which I took so much pride, must have proved itself exceedingly inconvenient.

While living in Eliot Street, I went to a boys' and girls' school on Burroughs Street, kept by three Misses Adam and their mother. This, too, was your Aunt Jeanie Boit Hunnewell's first school at the age of four or five; and strangely enough she never went to any other, continuing with these Misses Adam, who afterwards removed their school to Boston, until she was eighteen.

The Misses Adam were well-known characters in their day, and the fame of their private theatricals given winter after winter, throughout my youth, spread far beyond the limits of Boston and its vicinity. They gathered in many excellent actors. Miss Hannah Adam was the best Mrs. Malaprop I have ever seen. Your

Uncle Edward was a constant actor there — usually taking the lover's part — and he painted most of the scenery that they used. Among the best actors were Mr. Henry Lee, Mr. John Cabot, Mr. William S. Whitwell (a wonderful Bob Acres), Mr. Colman, the Misses Adam, Mrs. Louis Agassiz, her sister, Miss Emily Russell (afterwards Mrs. General Pierson), and I think Mrs. Quincy Shaw, and others. Mrs. Agassiz was exquisite! I adored her!

I, myself, took part in these theatricals when I was old enough, but not often.

When I was twelve, in 1858, my father bought a house in Glen Road, just above Forest Hills Street, and there we lived until the end of my Freshman year, 1865. During my twelfth and thirteenth years I went to the High School in Jamaica Plain, and then for the next four years, and until I entered Harvard, to the school of Mr. Epes S. Dixwell, in Boylston Place, Boston, just about opposite the present Tavern Club. There I made many of my life-long friendships. 1858 1865

In those days winter was the season I loved best, with its skating and coasting. Yet summer by the sea with its fishing and boating — surely I loved that just as well. And then the spring, with its hockey, and cricket, and baseball, and birdnesting, and the hopefulness of the rejuvenated world — that was delightful, too. And then autumn, when one got back to the crowd of boys at school, and the excitement of football — what was the matter with that, I should like to know? Oh, it was

all good, and the heart and wind and muscles strong!

When I was fourteen, I felt very much interested in an attractive young lady in Jamaica Plain, and on St. Valentine's day I invested all my money in a handsomely decorated round paper box of chocolate creams, and with it sent my first real love poem, which began,

> "Sweet Kitty, 't is dearly I love thee —
> But I fear that my love is in vain,
> For I feel that you look proudly on me,
> Sweet speeches I see you disdain."

I think this deserves preservation. How could I forget such burning lines as these? Even thereafter I continued to preserve her friendship, and fifty years later she told me she had kept the verses, because they were the only ones ever written to her.

1858 1865 During the period from 1858 to 1865 in Glen Road we led a most hospitable life. There was rarely a Sunday that the house was not full of young people, either friends of Ned and Lizzie or friends of Jeanie and me. My good father and mother seemed to love to have girls and boys about, and on holidays we young people rarely failed to ask our friends for a night or two, and in the winters there was much skating and coasting in the daytime and singing and dancing at night. Those were perhaps the most delightful years of my youth.

While living there I entered with much enthusiasm

into all the country sports of boys, and our close friend and neighbor, Mr. William R. Robeson gave me a horse to ride, which for years was usually at my command. At one time we boys had a lively cricket club, in which I was the possessor of most of the implements of strife. As we could find no one in our vicinity to play against, we gave it up and started in its place a baseball club. This we kept up for a number of years and played many matches. The playground for both of these clubs was on our own place, near the house, and I do not forget that my family thought us a pretty noisy lot.

I remember when I was fourteen years old, my second cousin, Billy Whitwell, and I rowed a race, across Jamaica Pond and back, against two other Jamaica Plain boys. We rowed a boat that belonged to Parkman, the historian, who then lived on the shores of the pond. We did bravely the first half, and led by many lengths, but in the middle of the pond on our return, we got quarrelling because one of us thought the other was rowing too hard, or not hard enough — perhaps we were both worn out. But we had it back and forth until our rivals passed us. It was a great occasion. The shore was lined with people. We were well and deservedly beaten. How my sister Jeanie wept!

The last year I was at Dixwell's we started the "Oneida" Football Club, which no boy of my time can have forgotten. There were from twelve to sixteen of us selected from our Boston Schools, chiefly from

Dixwell's, and all of the same crowd. The club was a great success. We beat all we could find to play against us in this vicinity. We challenged the Harvard Freshmen, and when they refused to play us, we attributed it to fear. They intimated it was beneath them to play with schoolboys.

Of course football then was a different game from that played today. We played with a round inflated rubber ball. But we had our rules, and good ones. We had our "rushers in" our "halfbacks" and our "fullbacks" and it was a grand and glorious fight. For many years the great game in Boston was Dixwell's against the Boston Latin School, and they were fierce encounters, with varying success. At Dixwell's we also had military drill for the last two years, for it was war times, and we learned to sing many patriotic songs. Huntington Wolcott, one of the handsomest and best fellows that ever lived was our captain. It inspired him to enter the army where he became a martyr to the cause of his country. He was the older brother of Roger Wolcott, afterwards Governor of Massachusetts.

1864 As I have said, in 1864 I entered Harvard College without conditions, and the following year, in the autumn
1865 of 1865, we moved to 30 Marlborough Street, Boston. During the first winter of my college life the Civil War was at its height, and there were so few young men about town, that we college Freshmen were taken into Boston society.

I rowed on our Freshman crew, and also trained with the "Varsity" in my junior or senior year, rowing at five, alternately, day after day with another man. He was a better man than I, and finally won his place on a successful crew. After a few months I got tired of the hard work with the uncertainty of its results, and concluded I could secure more amusement from other pursuits — and I did.

While in college, I belonged to the Institute and was its Poet; the D. K. E., the Alpha-Delta-Phi, the A. D. This club our own set of men started. It seemed that the Alpha-Delta-Phi Fraternity became dissatisfied with our Chapter because we would not live up to the rules. They asked us to return our Charter and our records. The Charter could not be found, but in our insolence we tore a few pages from our records and returned them. We then started the A. D. Club in its place. As a matter of fact, before we left the Fraternity the "Alpha-Delta-Phi" was always spoken of as the "A. D." I also belonged to the Porcellian Club and the Hasty Pudding of which latter I was made Chorister and Poet; though if my memory serves me, some foolish trouble arose and I never read my poem. How good it was can be judged from the few following lines of several hundred.

The story told of a young man, who led a rather dissipated life in college. Finally, one night, he became engaged to a young woman from the Port, who did not have a very savory reputation. His chum, when told,

gave him much advice and finally ended with the lines:

"With those blue eyes and long curls oft before
Has Hopkins vanquished students by the score!
And when deserted by each faithless swain,
She weeps an hour — then sets the curls again!
Let Bacchus Cupid save — seek your warm bunk,
And write "Excuse me, Hopkins — I was drunk"—

After much reflection the sorry youth concludes his chum has given him a good pointer, and in the still watches of the night he writes to his lady-love as follows.

"My dear Miss Hopkins, I can scarcely write
From mingled sentiments of shame and fright,
At what I may have said to you last night.
'T is strange, when fumes of wine my reason reach,
They don't affect my gait, nor yet my speech,
But of the *words* my tongue just then may say,
I can't recall a syllable next day!
But friends *tell* me — who sometimes chance to hear —
They 're quite unfit for any lady's ear!
That I speak falsehoods o'er and o'er again,
And swear, and rave, and rant — like one insane!
Now dear Miss Hopkins, still remain my friend —
Forgive this once, and I 'll no more offend —
And to your kind regard — my friend for life —
Some future day — I 'll introduce my wife —

But let last night in Lethe's waves be sunk,
For, dear Miss Hopkins, *I was very drunk!*"

One recognizes the fact that his was not an altogether admirable character.

When we graduated I was made Odist of the class. It may or may not be of interest to anybody and therefore I will insert here the Ode I wrote for the occasion.

CLASS DAY ODE

June 19, 1868 1868

BY ROBERT APTHORP BOIT

Fair Harvard, today pleasure speeds the gay hours;
Beauty's eyes, like the sunbeams are bright,
And the music of birds, and the fragrance of flowers,
Fill the emerald earth with delight;
But soon this fair scene, like a vision departs,
Long to linger on Memory's shore,
While thy children, tonight, leave with sorrowing hearts,
These dear haunts that shall know them no more!

In a few fleeting moments thy time-honored towers
Shall tearfully fade from our view,
And the labor and sport of this old world of ours
Shall give place to the work of the new;

But the wisdom we've learned, and the friendships we've
gained,
Shall go with us where'er we may be,
And led by the one, by the other sustained,
Thy sons shall do honor to thee!

As the brave Spartan vowed 'ere he mingled in fight,
To conquer, but never to yield,
To exult as a victor for freedom and right,
Or in death be borne back on his shield, —
May thy children, tomorrow, go forth to the strife,
Bearing "Truth" for their motto on high,
'Neath her banner, like heroes to triumph in life,
Or, if vanquished, like heroes to die!

1868 I graduated from Harvard in 1868, without college honors. I emphasize the word college, for let me hope my life there in other respects had not been altogether without honor, notwithstanding the episode of my suspension in my Freshman year, of which I spoke in the life of my father. I had certainly had the honor of singing for a year in the Freshman Glee Club, and then for three years in the Varsity Glee Club, which seems to have held a more important place in college than it does today. I got no end of pleasure out of this.

But the pleasantest experience I had in college was that of our Club Table of fourteen men. Twelve of us

came together the second term of our Freshman year, and we added two more to our number in our Sophomore year. These fourteen remained together throughout our college course and all became friends for life. Death spared us for nearly forty years after graduation.

Thirty-five years after we left college the inspiration seized me to get all the old Club Table together again for a dinner at the Somerset Club. All were alive and it happened at that moment that all were in America. Our dinner took place on the night of February 12, 1903. 1903
Every man was there. They came from St. Louis, Pennsylvania, New York and Massachusetts. We sat in the same position as at our college table. The men at the head and foot carved one course for all of us in memory of the good old times. I still owned a photograph of us taken when we graduated. This I had copied so that each might have one. After dinner a flashlight photographer took us in the same positions in which we had been seated for the old photograph taken thirty-five years before.

You are no doubt familiar with these two curious photographs of boys and old men. I doubt if such a large and perfect reunion, after such a gulf of years, ever took place before. We had a glorious time. Never before had we been all together since we left college.

Our feast was of a higher order than in our college days — but did it taste as well? Not to one of us. Did we sing the old songs as well? I believe we cared more

for them, even if our voices were less melodious. It was a night of pleasant visions. These were the men: Dawes E. Furness of Philadelphia; Edgar Huidekoper of Meadville, Pennsylvania; Doctor Frederick C. Shattuck of Boston; Doctor Francis P. Kinnicutt of New York; Professor James Barr Ames of Cambridge; Charles T. Lovering of Boston; Augustus G. Bullock of Worcester; Arthur Hunnewell of Boston; Robert A. Boit of Boston; Leverett S. Tuckerman of Salem; Horace Bacon of New York; Malcolm S. Greenough of Cleveland, Ohio; Moses Williams of Boston, and Dexter Tiffany of St. Louis.

As I said on that great occasion, none of us had been in jail, however much we might have deserved it; and all of us had been sufficiently successful in life to own the dress suits we wore!

1915 Today, May, 1915, fifteen years after our dinner, six are dead.

1868 In the autumn of 1868, the year I graduated, I went with my father and mother to Savannah, Georgia, and 1875 lived there in business till 1875. During this period I passed my summers chiefly in Newport, Rhode Island, with visits to my friends in Mount Desert, Nahant, Cotuit, and other places.

While in college I had rowed, more or less, as I have said. In Savannah I joined the Couper Boat Club, and trained three successful four-oared crews, the last winning at the annual regatta on the Schulkill in Philadelphia.

During my stay in Savannah I went into society — a

delightful society it was — and made many life-long friends. Although it was so soon after the Civil War, I was treated with great consideration and kindness, and in many houses became as intimate as if I had been born a Southerner. I never met a more charming, kindly, hospitable people. Whenever I think of them my heart is filled with gratitude and affection for some of the pleasantest years of my life.

January 15, 1874, in the beautiful old Presbyterian 1874
Church in Savannah, I married Georgia Anderson Mercer, daughter of General Hugh Weedon Mercer of Virginia and Mary (Anderson) Mercer of Savannah. General Mercer was a class-mate at West Point and an intimate friend of General Robert E. Lee, commander-in-chief of the Southern forces during the Civil War. I had the privilege of meeting this great man a number of times at General Mercer's. He was a most dignified and distinguished-looking old gentleman. Just what one would have expected him to be. I also had the pleasure of knowing General Joseph E. Johnston. I met him often at the club and at his own house. He lived in Savannah and was loved and respected by everyone. His influence against it did much towards putting a stop to duelling in Savannah.

In 1875 my father's firm failed. I had recently been 1875
taken into the firm as a junior partner on a salary. Of course, this was a great blow to me, falling as it did, so soon after my marriage. As I have before said we owed

little or nothing in Savannah, our chief debt being to Messrs. Baring Bros. & Co. of London.

1876 In 1876 my wife and I went to New York, where I started in the real estate business, taking desk room in the show-room of a gas fixture and chandelier shop on Broadway near Twenty-second Street. It was uphill
1877 work, but in the summer of 1877, just as I was beginning to see my way in real estate, I was offered the position of cashier in the New York office of the Commercial Union Assurance Company of London, at a salary of $1,000 per annum, and I accepted it. Mr. Alfred Pell of New York, the Manager of the company, gave me the position, and we afterwards became very close friends.

1876 Georgia and I passed the summer of 1876 at Tarrytown, on the Hudson, and most of the following winter in New York. The following summer I cannot remember, but towards the middle of August we moved again to New York and there in a boarding-house on the north side of Thirty-fourth Street, just east of Fourth Avenue,
1877 September 2, 1877, our first child, Mary, was born. My mother and father then asked Georgia and the baby to pass the winter with them in Newport. This they did, and it turned out well, for they all became devoted to one another.

Meanwhile I remained in New York, living in a hall bedroom of a boarding-house on West Thirty-sixth Street, at $9.00 per week. Off and on I went to the family for a Sunday or holiday.

These were perhaps the hardest years in my life so far as the means of living went. It was hard, too, living in New York, where I knew so many nice people, and at the same time felt forced to cut myself off from them entirely owing to my poverty.

Then it was that Franklin Bartlett, the lawyer, and his wife, Bertha Post, proved the strength of their friendship. Their house was nearby, and always open to me at any time, day or night. If I had been rolling in money they could not have been more constantly attentive to me. Theirs was practically the only house of my old friends I ever went to. They themselves were at that time very fashionable people in New York. Frank was a Governor of the Union Club, an officer of one of the crack regiments, of which later he became Colonel, a most successful lawyer, and an acknowledged leader in New York society. His wife's social position was of the best. They were my good angels in those hard times. Their never-ending devotion and hospitality made my heart sing. There is nothing I would not have done for them.

When I had been with the Commercial Union less than a year, in the summer of 1878, I was promoted by 1878
Mr. Pell to represent the company as its agent in Boston.

In September of that year I moved into the block of houses on Hawes Street, Brookline, near Colchester Street. Here on the 26th of November, 1878, our 1878
second daughter, Georgia Mercer, was born. On the 6th

of December, my wife, Georgia Mercer died. And so it was, that my noble and devoted young wife, lived only long enough to comfort, and inspire me through the hardest struggles, and darkest hours of my business life, and then died just as the day was breaking. My mother was with her at the time.

I continued to live alone with my little children in Hawes Street for the next eight years, going to various places in the summer. At this time I wrote "Eustis," my one novel, and devoted much time to the study of singing. I remember that for several years I took singing lessons at eight in the morning, so that it might not interfere with my business, nor with the freedom of my evenings, which I always jealously guarded.

1886 On the 20th of May, 1886, I married Lilian Willis, daughter of Nathaniel P. Willis and Cornelia Grinnell. We had known one another well just after I graduated from college, but, until a few months before we were married, we had not met for sixteen years. We were married in the Joseph Grinnell house on County Street, New Bedford, and in front of the mirror before which Lilian's mother and father had been married, and before which, in my own house, No. 19 Colchester Street, Longwood, my daughter Alice received, when she was
1914 married to William A. Burnham, Jr., December 5, 1914. Thus, three generations of Grinnell descent have stood before this mirror on their wedding days.

On May 2, 1887, Alice was born in the Hawes Street house. 1887

On November 20, 1889, John Edward was born in the same house. 1889

On December 7, 1892, we moved into our new house, No. 19 Colchester Street, Longwood. I bought this house in the preceding spring and we altered it over that summer and autumn while the family were living in Topsfield. We have lived in this house ever since. 1892

No less than five architects have made changes in this house for me, to wit: Hunnewell and Shaw, Arthur Dodd, Thomas A. Fox, R. Clipston Sturgis, and Peabody and Stearns. The result is not without attraction.

I must mention the quaint story of the marble statue and the marble bust in our drawing-room. The bust is of Nathaniel P. Willis, the Poet, when about twenty-six or -eight years old. The statue is of Cornelia Grinnell, at the age of six or eight.

In 1832 or 1833 Nathaniel P. Willis, a young man, had his bust made in Florence, Italy, by Horatio Greenough. The same year, Joseph Grinnell of New Bedford, went to Florence with his little daughter, Cornelia, and had Greenough make a statue of her. At this time Willis did not know the Grinnells. 1832 1833

After Cornelia had grown up, she met Willis, and married him. She was twenty years younger than Willis. Years afterward, Horatio Greenough came to this country, and when dining with Joseph Grinnell in

New Bedford, said he had always felt interested in the marriage of his daughter, Cornelia, to N. P. Willis, because their two statues had been made from the same block of marble.

Long ago both N. P. Willis and his wife passed away, but the two pieces of that block of marble, one of a little girl, and the other of a handsome young man, are still faithfully keeping each other company in my drawing-room.

1902 In the summer of 1902, I bought some land in Islesboro, Maine, and built there the following year.

1904 In June, 1904, we moved into our new house in Islesboro, and there, since then, we have passed most of our summers.

I have tried, as little as possible, to go into the details of my own life, yet it occurs to me that, in years to come, my children and grandchildren may wish to know something of my interests and activities, so I will add a brief summary of them, hoping that my doing so will not be misinterpreted.

In Newport, I was for many years a stockholder and member of the Newport Reading Room. All the best men of both the summer and winter colonies of Newport belonged to it, at least temporarily. One also met there such officers of the army and navy as were quartered from time to time at Fort Adams or the Torpedo Station or Naval Training Station. It was a most agreeable loafing place.

The "genial bowl" flowed more freely here than in any Club I ever belonged to; but its chief frequenters were men who had nothing to do in summer but to amuse themselves. Besides which, as men gathered there from all parts of the country, an exchange of drinks was the simplest and most cordial form for the making of new, or the renewal of old relations.

In Savannah, I was one of the Charter members of the Oglethorpe Club. I believe only three or four of the original members are still living, but the club is as successful and important as ever. It was and is today on the second floor of a large building at the corner of Bull and Broad Streets. The first floor of the building is very high-studded. A long, narrow, steep flight of stairs runs from the street entrance to the club rooms. After a grand military day, Dwight Roberts, an officer of the crack Cavalry, rode a splendid horse of his up this flight into the club rooms. They had to use a fall and tackle to get him down again. Such things happened in Savannah. If they were a wild lot, they were again the most delightful and free-handed companions I have ever known. Full of fun and full of fight, but the staunchest of friends!

In New York I have been a member of one or two small clubs, and still belong to the Harvard Club.

In Cambridge I am a graduate member of the Porcellian, the Pudding, the Fly, the A. D., the D. K. E., and the Institute, and a life member of the Harvard Union.

In Boston, I was one of the early members of the Longwood Cricket Club; one of the first members of the Boston Athletic Association; one of the first members of the Tennis and Racquet Club; one of the first members of the Exchange Club and on its finance committee; and one of the early members of the City Club. I am today a member of Boston Athletic Association; the University Club; the Harvard Club; the Somerset Club; the St. Botolph Club, of which I was President for four years, after holding practically every other office in the Club; the Central Lunch Club; the Papyrus Club, of which I was Secretary and President. This is the semi-Bohemian literary club of Boston and has held, as members, most of the literary lights of Boston for the last fifty years. I am also a member of the Franklin Club, another small literary dinner-club; the Harvard Musical Association; the Commercial Club, the leading business dinner-club of Boston; the Metropolitan Improvement League, of which I was the first President and continued to be its President for a number of years; the Chamber of Commerce; the Boston Board of Fire Underwriters of which I was one of the original seven members and its President; the Boston Protective Department, of which I was a Director for several years; the Boston Associated Board of Trade, of which I was President, and also for many years a member of the Executive Committee. This Board was finally merged in the Chamber of Commerce, but prior to that was the most

important and influential trade organization of Boston. The Presidency of this was my highest civic honor.

I am also a Director of the Chicopee Manufacturing Company; of the Old Boston National Bank; of the New England Casualty Company; of the Commercial Union Fire Insurance Company of New York; a trustee of the Cushing Real Estate Trust, and several other trusts; for many years a Director and Trustee of the Boston Dispensary, and for eight years its President; a Director of the Brookline Friendly Society; a member of the Bostonian Society; the Historical and Genealogical Society, and the Artists' Guild.

I have always felt it a man's duty to give a certain portion of his life and time to the interests of the community in which he lived, and from which he derived his means of livelihood.

From sixty to sixty-five I retired from practically all work outside of my business, finding at that age my business alone required the time and attention I could give it. When I began business in Boston, in 1878, 1878
there were four on my pay-roll; today there are between fifty and sixty.

From boyhood I was fond of singing, and from twelve to fourteen was taught to sing second in the high school in Jamaica Plain. At Dixwell's school we had a small singing club — at least there were half a dozen or more, who were constantly singing together with such parts as we could master. In college, as I have said, I was a

member of the Glee Club, and when I went to Savannah, I joined a choral society which was a very admirable musical association. In Savannah, too, I was for many years a member of the quartette choir of Christ Church. The soprano was a Mrs. Cleveland, who sang church music more superbly than any woman I have ever heard. A grand, great voice of most touching timbre! In this choir I sang tenor. I never was a tenor. In Savannah, too, I sang for a while, in the beautiful old Independent Presbyterian Church.

During my widowerhood, while living in Longwood, I sang for several years in the quartette choir of the Unitarian Church on Walnut Street, Brookline. Hyram G. Tucker was the organist. In this choir I sang bass. I was never a bass. My voice was baritone. At this same time I belonged to several male quartettes and choral societies. I studied singing under various good masters, and loved it. I gave up singing when I was about forty-five.

I had always been able to draw more or less well from the time I was a boy, and until I was thirty I often sketched in water colors, but without much success. At one time, in youth, I thought a little of trying to become a painter, and I took my water-colors to La Farge to criticise. I remember his words: "I can only say you are evidently fond of trying to paint. You may come to work in my studio if you wish to." At the time I thought this most discouraging, probably expecting him

to say I was an incipient Rubens. Now it appears to me to have been a very kind and hopeful view to have taken of my amateurish work. I own today examples of what I showed him, and am surprised to think of his gentleness and forbearance!

After a long lapse of years, when I was sixty-three, I took up oil painting. However mediocre may be my work, I have derived an immense amount of enjoyment from it, and many hours of absolute peace and forgetfulness of the outside world.

I have contributed from time to time to the daily press, but chiefly on insurance questions. I have never taken an active part in politics, though I have done fully my share of talking about them. I have always voted.

I have written many verses, indifferently well, for the various clubs I have belonged to, and for family consumption.

When I re-read what I have written of the great diversity of interests in my life, I am not surprised that I never distinguished myself, but I *am* surprised that I should have been sufficiently successful in business to bring up my family in comfort, if not in luxury.

When I was growing up, I passed most of my summers in Nahant or Cotuit. I remember our family boarded at Nahant for two years, at Johnson's, where the Postoffice now stands. One of these summers the Inches cousins were also there or in the next house, and Robert S. Sturgis was paying court to Susan Inches,

and driving her about in a high dog-cart that commanded my boyish admiration. For two summers we had the house just above Pea-Island and the Cave, now owned by the Bradlee family, but at that time belonging to my uncle, Charles Inches. Opposite us were the Rices and Guilds and Grants. Another summer I passed there with Aunt Charlotte Hubbard, who was living in the Curtis house on the site of which, I think today, stands Frank Merriam's house. My Grandfather Hubbard's house on this same street had been sold many years before, and was owned in my youth by a Mr. Green of New York, whose wife was a Miss Coolidge of Boston.

After I was nineteen or twenty, and until I was twenty-seven, I passed my summers in Newport, Rhode Island. There I went into society, and became acquainted with people from all over the country, but especially from New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. Among them I made many friends. When hard times struck me I lost most of these good people from my visiting list.

I loved Newport with its wonderful boating and bathing and dinners and dances and hosts of pretty girls. It was a varied and delightful society with perhaps less vulgar ostentation and extravagance than in later years, but still with more style and lavishness of expenditure than one saw at that period in Boston. A number of Boston families passed their summers there, and among them were the Robert and Tom Cushing families, the Whitwells, Miss Deacon, the Sigourneys, the Robert Sturgis

family, the Hollis Hunnewells, the Brewers, the Princes, the Robert Masons, the Andrew Robesons, and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's family at the head of their attractive Glen in the country nearby.

Then my brother Ned and sister Isa lived there, at the place they had built just beyond Bailey's Beach — "The Rocks" — back of the Spouting Horn. At that time Mrs. Paran Stevens was in her prime, with her sister Fanny of the lovely voice. There, too, from New York, were the Rutherfords, Kings, Traverses — that most delightful of families — the Parrishes, Lorillards, Keteltases, Lawrences, Belmonts, Whitings, Potters, Bonapartes (I heard Christine Nielson sing at their house), the Samuel G. Wards, the Barclays, the Van Rensselaers, and many others. From Philadelphia and Baltimore, the Tiffanys, Powells, Ashursts, Fishers, Willings, and other delightful people. It was before the coming of the Vanderbilts and Astors to Newport.

It was a wonderful place for idle young men! These were the years from 1865 to 1874, just prior to my first marriage. During this period I either boarded in Newport, or stayed with Ned and Isa, or Robert and Susie Sturgis, or lived with my father and mother, who for one or two summers hired a house there. I could write chapters of gossip of Newport and its people as I knew them in my youth! 1865 1874

I have been to Europe five times: first, as a boy with my mother in 1856; second for three or four months in 1856

1889 1889 with Ned, when I went with my sister Isa to the Bayreuth Festival; third, for a month or more with Ned,
1890 in 1890, after the death of my father and mother; fourth,
1898 for three or four months in 1898, to see Mary and Georgia, in Dresden, where they were studying. At that time I took them to Nuremberg, and Munich, and Innsbruck and thence to Venice and back. Fifth, for
1910 the summer of 1910, when I took my wife, Lilian, and daughter Alice, and maid to Paris, (motoring from Cherbourg), and thence to Florence, near which city we stayed with my brother Ned for six weeks at his lovely Villa "Cernitoio," in the mountains above Pelago, near Vallombrosa. Thence, we came home through Germany, Holland, Belgium, and England.

It was at "Cernitoio" that I first tried my hand at oil painting. That morning Ned and I went out together to paint. He had put such colors on my palette as he thought necessary. We selected positions about a hundred yards apart overlooking those beautiful valleys of the Arno. After a couple of hours he came to me and looked at what I had done. After a little he said "Bob, I won't say that what you have done is good, but I *do* say its the most remarkable thing I ever saw — for you can *paint!*" And again "I never saw any man do such a thing before!"

Of course he meant exactly what he said and no more — that without ever having used oils, and without trying to paint at all for thirty years or more, I had a certain

knowledge of painting which usually comes only with study and practice. But I had always loved painting, and been thrown much with artists, and watched them paint, even if never painting myself. That and a love of nature had been study, even if not realized by me.

It was during this stay at "Cernitoio," that, on the 10th of July, 1910, I had a quite unusual adventure. 1910

That morning, my brother Ned took Lilian and me, and my niece, Jeanie Patten, in his motor to San Gimignano, where we lunched and did a little sightseeing. No sojourner in Florence should miss seeing this picturesque town with its wonderful old towers. In the afternoon we motored from there to Florence for tea, and thence twenty miles home in the cool of a beautiful evening.

When we entered Ned's avenue, high up on the mountainside, and about three-quarters of a mile from his house, we were suddenly stopped by a barricade of stones thrown across the road. At the same moment we were covered by the pistol, and double-barrelled shot-gun of two brigands. It was a lonely spot, and as we were unarmed there was nothing for us to do, but, after many minutes of parleying, to hand over our money, which amounted in all to some sixty dollars.

Lilian and Jeanie behaved with great presence of mind, and Lilian managed to take off her glove, conceal her diamond engagement ring, and pull on her glove again without its being noticed. So that when the ladies'

jewelry was demanded they had nothing on them but Lilian's plain gold wedding ring. This they did not take. In fact they did not lay hands on, or personally touch any of us.

Then, not satisfied with their booty, they ordered me (no doubt mistaking me for Ned) to stay with them as hostage, and the rest of the party to go on to the Villa, and bring them 10,000-lire-worth in money or valuables. At Ned's request he was allowed to remain with me. They treated us decently while with them, and permitted us two old men to sit quietly by the roadside.

When the motor returned, with the chauffeur and Jeanie Patten, after an absence of about half an hour, the brigands were evidently in great haste to be off, for they seized the roll of money, without counting it, stuffed it into their pockets and disappeared hurriedly into the woods. Jeanie had brought them all she could find in the house, but it only amounted to about a hundred dollars, so that we got off very easily so far as money was concerned.

The moment the robbers disappeared a throng of Ned's retainers came rushing up the road armed with every conceivable weapon — some twenty or thirty of them with pistols, and rifles, and shotguns, and butcher knives, and stilettos, and carving-knives, and pitchforks. They were a motley and wildly excited crew!

They were so close upon the heels of the brigands, that Ned would not permit them to follow, but stopped them

in their tracks. He knew there would be a fight and was quite unwilling to have any of his men hurt, so long as we, ourselves, were safe. It was a quick decision but made with Ned's usual wisdom.

His forester caught a third member of this gang in the woods that evening, imprisoned him for the night in one of the farm buildings, and turned him over to the authorities the next morning. He died in prison, in Florence, within a year. The other two robbers were supposed to have been killed by the police a few months later, while making a similar attack somewhere between Florence and Rome.

This affair created great excitement throughout the whole of Northern Italy. It was said such a thing had not happened in Tuscany for a hundred years. The papers were full of it. The government in Rome quadrupled the force of mounted police, or Carabinieri, in the environs of Florence. One evening eighteen Carabinieri appeared at "Cernitoio," and passed half of the night in our out-buildings, scouring the mountains above us before morning. The government offered a large reward for the apprehension of the robbers.

After gazing into the muzzle of a double-barrelled shot-gun for twenty minutes or more, I am satisfied it is a very persuasive weapon for the extraction of money!

I believe I have nothing more to write of myself. I have not intended this as an autobiography, but have

tried to write of myself impersonally. No doubt there are lapses here and there.

For the fortieth anniversary of my class after graduation, as Class Odist, I wrote some verses. They were read at our dinner at the University Club in Boston, in
1908 June, 1908. When I had written them I found by a strange coincidence there were exactly the number of lines that there were classmates who had graduated
1868 with me in 1868. These are the verses:

FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY CLASS DINNER

1908 June 23, 1908

BY ROBERT APTHORP BOIT

Comrades of old! Is it a day or year
Since last we met?
Youth is but yesterday — life but a smile — a tear,
And even yet
The shouts that echo from our joyous band
Strike sharp and free,
As shoulder to shoulder, hand tight clasped in hand,
We circle round the tree!
Hark to the songs we sing! Hear the wild cries
As, tussling for the flowers,
We seek at least one bud to win — a prize
For some sweetheart of ours!

And then we parted — boyhoods' banners furled —
Each hugging to his breast
Faith in himself — his strength to win the world —
And at its best.
Keen for a single-handed fall with fate,
In boyish pride
We parted — girding up our loins and plunging straight
Into the surging tide!

Some have achieved, some ridden to a fall,
Some more, some less, been blessed;
But we have fought like men, tho' one and all,
God knows, have been hard pressed.
Who shall stand first? He who in springtime sows
The up-turned field,
Or he who gathers from the autumn rows
Their golden yield?
Who shall stand first? He who may claim of memory
An unstained past,
Or he who, wrestling with the tempter hip and thigh
Is thrown at last?
Yes! Who stands first, where all their best have done?
Not wealth, nor glory,
Nor fame for this world's battles won
Shall tell the story.

Hark! *This* man gained the battles of the Soul,
Unseen, unknown,
By day, by night, still fighting for the goal,
In silence and alone!
Crushed through dark hours of agony and wrath,
Yet daylight found him,
Strong and courageous still to cheer the path
Of those around him.
He shall stand first! Up! Answer to the call!
We hear the cry
In answer from the fire-purged Souls of all —
"It is not I."

And yet about us here, on every side,
If we but knew,
Gems of self-immolated lives abide
In hearts steadfast and true.
Into each other's souls, if we might see,
Ere now we part,
How tight at leash would strain our sympathy
As heart sought heart!

Those, who, o'er-burdened, left us on the way,
We greet tonight,
As they shall greet us with the coming day,
When all is light.
Whether of fable or of truth the hope be born,
That hope beats in us still;
In spite of reasons, scoff, or cynic scorn,
Hope on we will,
When each of us through that dark night's despair
Has passed — and hesitating stands —
Comrades of old shall greet us there — somewhere —
With out-stretched hands!

Rise, brothers, rise! With voices strong and clear,
As once you sung,
Sing us again the songs we held so dear
When we were young!
Those brave old songs of love and hope and youth,
Of mighty deeds and men.
Of constancy, eternity and truth —
Sing! sing them all again!
Then shall we turn to our allotted parts,
Companioned — or alone,
With youth's glad chorus ringing in our hearts
As we trudge on!

IV

JANE HUBBARD BOIT (4)

Daughter of Edward Darley Boit and Jane Parkinson Hubbard

Chapter XI

1849 JANE HUBBARD BOIT was born at "Ingleside," October 5, 1849. She was brought up in Jamaica Plain, and Boston, and took several journeyings abroad. We have been sympathetic companions from infancy.

I remember perfectly the morning after she was born. I was four and a half. I was taken into my mother's room to see her. The sun was pouring into the room between the gauze curtains. My mother was lying in a high four-poster. I had to be lifted up from the floor to see her. She smiled but looked white and thin. Then I was shown a tiny little red face beside her. I was told it was my little sister. I felt interested, but it did n't seem to me as dear as they said it was. Mammie Thompson, or Katie, her daughter, told me an angel had brought it down in the night, and presented it to mama. It was made very mysterious and I was duly impressed. That was my first sight of the being who was my sister, and was to become my life-long friend.

When she was a very young girl, an intimate friend of

mine, who was much in love with her, sent her these verses with a bunch of heliotrope:

I send a bunch of heliotrope
With thoughts no written words can name,
It tells of fear, and doubt, and hope,
And speaks these three words, "Je vous aime."

Such words do raptured lovers say
To those who their hearts' homage claim,
When in some bower at fall of day
They gently whisper "Je vous aime."

And with such words, one day may I
Tell unto you my heart-felt flame,
And may the breezes passing by,
Bring answer — "Moi aussi — Je t'aime."

They are very lovely, but made no impression on the heart of my dear sister. He himself got over it in time to marry twice.

She married Arthur Hunnewell of Wellesley and Boston, son of Horatio Hollis Hunnewell and Isabella (Welles) Hunnewell.

They had the following children: Isabella, born May 7, 1871, married October 8, 1907, James Searle Barclay of New York; 1871 1907
Jane Boit, born May 9, 1872, unmarried; 1872
Julia Overing, born November 19, 1873, unmarried; 1873

1878 Margaret, born May 21, 1878, married June 30, 1902,
1902 George Baty Blake of Boston and Lenox.

Margaret and George B. Blake have two children:
1904 Margaret Hunnewell Blake, born August 1, 1904; Julia
1907 Overing Blake, born March 8, 1907.

Jane Boit Hunnewell and Arthur Hunnewell also brought up from infancy, William S. Patten, the son of Joseph H. Patten and Elizabeth Greene (Boit) Patten, both of whom died within a few years of his birth.

1845 Arthur Hunnewell was born December 1, 1845; mar-
1870 ried June 1, 1870; died October 17, 1904. He was a
1904 classmate of mine at Harvard, and, as I have said, became my brother-in-law. At fifty-nine, when he died, he was in the prime of life. I never knew a finer man. He was very powerful and a great athlete in his youth. He was the pitcher of our Varsity nine and much admired by his classmates. Later he became a crack lawn tennis and court tennis player. In fact, he and his brothers, and a few others, built the first tennis court in or about Boston, where Thomas Petit grew up; the man who finally became the champion court tennis player of the world.

Arthur Hunnewell was a splendidly "set-up" man and always dressed with great taste and care. He was strong and fearless and almost fierce-looking, but with the kindest of hearts and gentlest of natures — admired and feared by those who did not know him; admired and loved by those who did. He was full of fun, keen

of wit, a persistent tease, and a great "sizer-up" of men. His judgment was always good, and his common sense unfailing. He rarely showed his sympathy and feeling in words, but in acts.

He was a brave, honorable, noble gentleman, if there ever was one, and a most loyal and generous friend. Life has not seemed the same to me since his death.

After his death Tarbell painted a portrait of him.

John S. Sargent painted a portrait of his wife, Jane Boit Hunnewell. It is a fine portrait, but failed to do entire justice to the great beauty of her face.

Jane Boit Hunnewell (4) and her daughter Jane, both showed a strong artistic taste in some of their pottery work.

V

JOHN BOIT (4)

Son of Edward Darley Boit and
Jane Parkinson Hubbard

Chapter XII

JOHN BOIT (4) was born in Eliot Street, Jamaica Plain. He attended various schools in Boston and Savannah, and also went to St. Mark's and Exeter. He received his LL. D. from the Harvard Law School and was admitted to the Massachusetts Bar. He studied architecture in New York for several years and built the New York Yacht Clubhouse in Newport. Thereafter he studied painting under John La Farge, and again in Julien's Studio in Paris. On the 7th of September,
1904 1904, he married Louise Horstmann of Washington, District of Columbia. They were married at Laleham, on the River Thames, in England. They live in Washington, District of Columbia, and have a country place at South Natick, Massachusetts, on the Charles River. They have one son, John Boit (5), born September 1,
1910 1910, in Colchester Street, Brookline, in my brother Ned's house, next to mine, which they were occupying that summer.

I have used so many family verses to this story, I shall also add the following by your Uncle John Boit (4).

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER

1879 1879

Heigho! Heigho! Why does the farmer's daughter go
Through the wood so early?

The farmer's daughter is fair to see;
She is so pale and slender and tall;
She looketh more like a fair ladie,
Than a simple farmer's daughter.

A comely lad is the Squire's son,
With his curly hair, and his coal black eyes;
And every morning he shoulders his gun,
And goes to the wood a hunting.

Tonight there's feasting up at the Hall,
For the Squire's son hath taken a wife;
She is both pale and slender and tall,
But never a farmer's daughter.

There's weeping down at the Farm tonight
For the farmer's daughter lies dead in the house,
And on her bosom so cold and white
A little babe is sleeping.

Heigho! Heigho! The farmer's daughter no more shall go
Through the wood so early.

WHEN SPRING COMES

1888

1888

When spring comes, the children go
  Laughing through the fields and woods,
Seeking glades where violets grow,
  Slopes where sweet arbutus twines,
  Rocks where fragile columbines
Nod their scarlet hoods.

When the Spring comes, hand in hand,
  Youth and maiden, lover-wise,
Dreaming roam through fairy-land.
  Tearful yesterday has vanished
  Stern to-morrow has been banished
From Love's Paradise.

When the Spring comes — lo — she brings
  Mid gay flowers and merry birds,
Memories of other springs.
  Eyes, long dim, our own eyes seek;
  Lips, long silent, smile and speak
Old familiar words.

LINES WRITTEN IN 1878 1878

Gaily in through the casement peeps the dawn;
Gaily the bird in the coppice greets the morn: —
Love starts from its troubled slumber—wakes and sighs.

Calmly the moon is shining o'er the world at rest;
The bird is quietly sleeping on her nest: —
Love turns on its feverish pillow with open eyes.

Your Uncle John certainly was gifted with as much power in verse as the rest of the Boit family, and perhaps with more imagination, and a subtler touch than any of them. He has also done some excellent work in water-colors.

With this last member of our family of my generation these chronicles of the Boit family must end.

I know well how few people take an active interest in their forbears. Yet here and there is one, who goes hunting in the records of the past with a keen scent for what he may unearth of the lives of his people.

I, myself, am one of these, and in my own researches, often have lamented, that none of my forefathers had left a printed record of those they knew in life, or of those who had preceded them.

I therefore think I have a right to hope, if my race does not become extinct, that the work I have done may

prove of value to some descendant in quest of family records. I also hope that my children, for whom it has been chiefly written, and my other kindred of today, may gather from it pleasant and welcome thoughts of some of their own people, who have lived their simple lives, have done their duty by their fellowmen, as they have seen it, and have passed on without making a deep or lasting impression on the history of their times, or of their country.

FINIS

Chapter XIII

DESCENDANTS OF

THE BOIT FAMILY

IN AMERICA

OUR BRANCH OF THE

BOIT FAMILY

IN BOSTON, U. S. A.

JOHN BOIT (1)
B. 1733; D. Dec. 31, 1798
in Boston
Buried King's Chapel
M. (first) June, 1762
HANNAH (SEARS) ATKINS
D. 1767
M. (second) Aug. 3, 1769
SARAH BROWN
D. 1794

BY HANNAH ATKINS

I
Hannah Boit (2)
B. 1765
M. Sept. 27, 1789
Crowell Hatch
of Boston
B. 1733
D. 1814
Many descendants
but none in or
about Boston

II
Henry Boit (2)
B. July 1763
Married and died in
Barcelona, Spain
leaving children

III
John Boit (2)
B. 1767
Said to have died
in infancy

BY SARAH BROWN

IV
Sarah Boit (2)
B. 1770
M. 1790
John Duballet
French gentleman
Lived and died in
Bordeaux, France
Presumably no children

V
Rebecca Boit (2)
B. 1772
D. 1793
Spinster
Buried King's Chapel
Boston

VI
John Boit (2)
B. Oct. 15, 1774
D. Mar. 8, 1829
Boston
M. Aug. 20, 1799, in
Trinity Church, Newport, R. I.
Eleanor (Auchmuty) Jones
of Newport. D. 1831
Both buried King's Chapel
Boston

JOHN BOIT (2)
B. Oct. 15, 1774
D. Mar. 8, 1829
Boston
M. Aug. 20, 1799, in
Trinity Church, Newport, R. I.
ELEANOR JONES
of Newport
D. 1831
Both buried King's Chapel, Boston

Their children

I

Ellen M. Boit (3)
B. Feb. 2, 1803
Newport
D. Charleston, S. C.
Spinster

II

Caroline Boit (3)
B. May 5, 1804
D. about 1863
M. Henry F. Baker
Nov. 1822
Merchant, Boston
Col. of Cadets
Harvard 1815

Their children

(a) Ellen Baker (4)
B. Mar. 8, 1825, Boston
D. May 27, 1904, Boston
Spinster

(b) Darley Baker (4)
B. July 28, 1827
D. Oct. 3, 1868, New Orleans
M.
No children living
Harvard 1848

III

Henry Boit (3)
Dates of birth and death
not known
Went South when young
and died there

IV

Mary Boit (3)
Bapt. June 13, 1779
D. June, 1833
Lived last part of her life in
Weymouth, Mass.
and died there

V

Harriet Auchmuty Howard
Boit (3)
B. Aug. 31, 1812, Boston
D. Aug. 20, 1870, Boston
M. Charles Inches, Boston
B. Mar. 19, 1808, Boston
D. Jan. 22, 1888, Boston

VI

Edward Darley Boit (3)
B. Aug. 31, 1813, Boston
D. Oct. 14, 1890, Cotuit
M. June 13, 1839, Boston
Jane Parkinson Hubbard (8)
of Boston
B. Nov. 25, 1818
D. May 14, 1890
in Newport, R. I.
Harvard 1834

VII

Julia Overing Boit (3)
B. July 15, 1820
D. May 1, 1888
M. June 4, 1846
Russell Sturgis
Boston and London
Harvard 1823

VI

EDWARD DARLEY BOIT (3)
B. Aug. 31, 1813, Boston
D. Oct. 14, 1890, Cotuit
M. June 13, 1839, Boston

JANE PARKINSON HUBBARD (8)
of Boston
B. Nov. 25, 1818
D. May 14, 1890, Newport R. I.
Harvard 1834

Their children

I

Edward Darley Boit (4)
B. May 16, 1840, Boston
D. Apr. 21, 1915
M. (first) June 16, 1864
Mary Louisa Cushing
B. Dec. 19, 1845
D. Sept. 29, 1894
Dinard, France
M. (second) Jan. 5, 1897
Florence Little, Newport, R. I.
B. Nov. 6, 1876
D. Apr. 28, 1902
Paris, France
Harvard 1863

II

Elizabeth Greene Boit (4)
B. July 7, 1842, Boston
D. Apr. 14, 1875, Providence
M. June 20, 1867
Joseph H. Patten,
Providence
B. Mar. 8, 1836
D. Dec. 17, 1874
Providence

III

Robert Apthorp Boit (4)
B. Apr. 29, 1846, Boston
M. (first) Jan. 15, 1874
Georgia Anderson Mercer
Savannah, Ga.
B. Sept. 6, 1852
D. Dec. 6, 1878
M. (second) May 20, 1886
Lilian Willis, New Bedford
B. Apr. 27, 1850
Harvard 1868

IV

Jane Hubbard Boit (4)
B. Oct. 5, 1849
Jamaica Plain
M. June 1, 1870
Arthur Hunnewell
Boston
B. Dec. 1, 1845
D. Oct. 17, 1904
Wellesley
Harvard 1868

V

John Boit (4)
B. Oct. 27, 1858
Jamaica Plain
M. Sept. 7, 1904
at Laleham, Eng.
Louise Horstmann
Washington, D. C.
B. Mar. 28, 1869
Philadelphia
Harvard
Law School
1881

VI

Julia Boit, (4)
Died in infancy

I

EDWARD DARLEY BOIT (4)

and

MARY LOUISA CUSHING (first wife)

Their living children

I
Florence Dumaresq Boit (5)
B. Newport, R. I., 1868
Unmarried

II
Jane Hubbard Boit (5)
B. 1870
Unmarried

III
Mary Louisa Boit (5)
B. June 5, 1874
Paris, France
Unmarried

IV
Julia Overing Boit (5)
B. Nov. 15, 1877
Soisy, France
Unmarried

I

EDWARD DARLEY BOIT (4)

and

FLORENCE LITTLE (second wife)

Their children

V
Julian McCarty Boit (5)
B. Jan. 21, 1900
Paris, France

VI
Edward Boit (5)
B. Apr. 12, 1902
Paris, France

II

ELIZABETH GREENE BOIT (4)

and

JOSEPH H. PATTEN

Their children

I
Jane Boit Patten (5)
B. June 8, 1869
Providence
Unmarried

II
Eliza Bridgham Patten (5)
B. Sept. 17, 1871
Providence
D. Sept. 4, 1890
Jackson, N. H.
Unmarried

III
William Samuel Patten (5)
B. July 21, 1873
Providence
M. June 16, 1904
Anna Morton Thayer
daughter of
Nathaniel Thayer
of Boston and
Lancaster, Mass.
B. May 28, 1883, Boston
Harvard 1895

III

WILLIAM SAMUEL PATTEN (5)

and

ANNA MORTON THAYER

Their children

I
Anna Thayer Patten (6)
B. Mar. 29, 1905

II
Jane Hunnewell Patten (6)
B. May 9, 1906

III
William Samuel Patten, Jr. (6)
Nov. 29, 1909

III

ROBERT A. BOIT (4)
and
GEORGIA ANDERSON MERCER, (first wife)
Their children

I

Mary Anderson Boit (5)
B. Sept. 2, 1877
New York City
M. Sept. 22, 1902
Church of our Saviour
Brookline
Dr. Hugh Cabot
B. Aug. 11, 1872
Beverly, Mass.
Harvard 1894

Their children

(a)
Hugh Cabot (6)
B. Feb. 20, 1905
3 Marlborough St., Boston

(b)
Mary Anderson Cabot (6)
B. Sept. 24, 1907
87 Marlborough St., Boston

(c)
John Boit Cabot (6)
B. Nov. 18, 1909
87 Marlborough St., Boston

II

Georgia Mercer Boit (5)
B. Nov. 26, 1878
Brookline
M. May 14, 1902
Church of our Saviour
Brookline
Walter Siegfried Gierasch
B. Berlin, Germany
Dec. 24, 1877
Harvard 1902

Their children

(a)
Christina Stuart Gierasch (6)
B. July 29, 1903
Madison, Wis.
D. Chicago, Ill.

(b)
Walter S. Gierasch (6)
B. July 15, 1905
Chicago, Ill.

(c)
Robert Boit Gierasch (6)
B. Feb. 12, 1907
Louisville, Ky.

(d)
David Gierasch (6)
B. July 5, 1908
Hingham, Mass.

(e)
Dorothea Gierasch (6)
B. May 10, 1910
Brookline, Mass.

(f)
Edward Darley Gierasch (6)
B. Feb. 14, 1914
Brookline, Mass.

III

ROBERT A. BOIT (4)

and

LILIAN WILLIS (second wife)

Their children

I

Alice Boit (5)
B. May 2, 1887, Brookline
M. Dec. 5, 1914, in the
Church of Our Saviour
Brookline
Wm. Appleton Burnham, Jr.
Boston
Harvard 1904

II

John Edward Boit (5)
B. Nov. 20, 1889, Brookline
Harvard 1912

IV

JANE HUBBARD BOIT (4)

and

ARTHUR HUNNEWELL

Their children

I
Isabella Hunnewell (5)
B. May 7, 1871
M. Oct. 8, 1907
James Searle Barclay
of New York

II
Jane Boit Hunnewell (5)
B. May 9, 1872
Unmarried

III
Julia Overing Hunnewell (5)
B. Nov. 19, 1873
Unmarried

IV
Margaret Hunnewell (5)
B. May 21, 1878
M. June 30, 1902
Wellesley
George Baty Blake
of Boston and Lenox, Mass.
Harvard 1893

III

MARGARET HUNNEWELL (5)

and

GEORGE BATY BLAKE

Their children

I
Margaret Hunnewell Blake (6)
B. Aug. 1, 1904

II
Julia Overing Blake (6)
B. Mar. 8, 1907

V

JOHN BOIT (4)

and

LOUISE HORSTMANN

Their child

John Boit, Jr. (5)
B. Sept. 1, 1910
Brookline

V

HARRIET AUCHMUTY HOWARD BOIT (3)
and
CHARLES INCHES
Their children

I

Susan Brimmer Inches (4)
B. Aug. 15, 1838
D. Nov. 3, 1900
M. Oct. 4, 1858
Robert Shaw Sturgis
B. Aug. 29, 1824
D. April 2, 1876
Philadelphia

II

Charles Edward Inches (4)
B. Aug. 31, 1841
D. Jan. 12, 1911
M.
Louise Pomeroy
B. Aug. 14, 1861
Harvard 1861

III

Harriet Boit Inches (4)
B. Feb. 27, 1844
D. May 24, 1892
Spinster

I
SUSAN BRIMMER INCHES (4)
and
ROBERT SHAW STURGIS
Their children

(a)

Robert Sturgis (5)
B. June 27, 1859
D. May 3, 1900
M. June 14, 1888
Marion Sharpless
of New York
Harvard 1881

(b)

Charles Inches Sturgis (5)
B. July 21, 1860
M. June 6, 1893
Margaret Noble
Harvard 1882

(c)

Roger Faxton Sturgis (5)
B. Mar. 21, 1862
M. Oct. 7, 1893
Mildred Frazer
Harvard 1884

(d)

Henrietta Auchmuty
Sturgis (5)
B. Mar. 1, 1864
M. Dec. 23, 1886
Charles Edward Ingersoll
of Philadelphia

(e)

Elizabeth Perkins Sturgis (5)
B. Dec. 18, 1865
M. June 2, 1885
James Potter

(f)

Susan Brimmer Sturgis (5)
B. Aug. 29, 1869
M. June 27, 1898
Antonio Yznaga Stewart
Philadelphia

(g)

Mary Howard Sturgis (5)
B. Mar. 25, 1872
M. Feb. 28, 1898
Edgar Thomson Scott
Philadelphia

(a)

ROBERT STURGIS (5)
and
MARION SHARPLESS

Their children

I
Mary Lyman Sturgis (6)
B. Feb. 14, 1890
M. April 23, 1912
Armitage Whitman

II
Henrietta Howard Boit
Sturgis (6)
B. Oct. 29, 1896

(b)

CHARLES INCHES STURGIS (5)
and
MARGARET NOBLE

Their children

I
Robert Shaw Sturgis (6)
B. Apr. 4, 1894

II
Frank Noble Sturgis (6)
B. Jan. 9, 1897

(c)

ROGER FAXTON STURGIS (5)
and
MILDRED FRAZER

Their children

I
Susan Brimmer Sturgis (6)
Born Nov. 11, 1894

II
Roger Sturgis (6)
Born Feb. 10, 1896

III
Anita Sturgis (6)
B. June 15, 1898

(d)

HENRIETTA AUCHMUTY STURGIS (5)

and

CHARLES EDWARD INGERSOLL

Their children

I
Anna Warren Ingersoll (6)
B. Sept. 30, 1887

II
Harry Ingersoll (6)
B. May 27, 1889

III
Robert Sturgis Ingersoll (6)
B. Dec. 16, 1891
M. Oct. 31, 1914
Maria Bernard Fowle

IV
Charles Jared Ingersoll (6)
B. Feb. 11, 1894

V
Susan Brimmer Ingersoll (6)
B. Feb. 19, 1896

VI
John Hobart Warren
Ingersoll (6)
B. Oct. 27, 1899

(e)

ELIZABETH PERKINS STURGIS (5)

and

JAMES POTTER

Their children

I
Elizabeth Sturgis Potter (6)
B. July 9, 1886
M. Jan. 27, 1908
Frank Lyon Polk

II
John Hamilton Potter (6)
B. June 13, 1888

III
Robert Sturgis Potter (6)
B. Dec. 20, 1889
Harvard 1912

IV
Alice Beirne Potter (6)
B. July 14, 1892
D. Apr. 12, 1893

(f)

SUSAN BRIMMER STURGIS (5)

and

ANTONIO YZNAGA STEWART

Their children

I
Susan Brimmer Stewart (6)
B. Mar. 2, 1900

II
Mary Howard Stewart (6)
B. Oct. 13, 1901

III
William Hood Stewart (6)
B. May 16, 1903

IV
Elizabeth Potter Stewart (6)
B. Nov. 4, 1904

V
Antonio Yznaga Stewart (6)
B. July 8, 1906

(g)

MARY HOWARD STURGIS (5)

and

EDGAR THOMSON SCOTT

Their children

I
Edgar Thomson Scott, Jr. (6)
B. Jan. 11, 1899

II
Warwick Potter Scott (6)
B. Apr. 17, 1901

III
Anna Dike Scott (6)
B. June 5, 1907

IV
Susan Brimmer Scott (6)
B. Nov. 22, 1908

II

CHARLES EDWARD INCHES (4)

and

LOUISE POMEROY

Their children

I
Henderson Inches (5)
B. Oct. 16, 1885
Harvard 1908

II
Charles Edward Inches (5)
B. Feb. 27, 1887
Harvard 1909

III
Louise Brimmer Inches (5)
B. Feb. 24, 1896

VII

JULIA OVERING BOIT (3)

(Daughter of John Boit (2)

and

RUSSELL STURGIS

of Boston and London

Their children

I
Henry Parkman Sturgis (4)
B. Mar. 1, 1847
M. (first) Oct. 2, 1872
Mary Cecilia Brand
D. June 20, 1886
M. (second) July 17, 1894
Marie Eveleen Meredith
All of England
Oxford University

II
Julian Russell Sturgis (4)
B. Oct. 21, 1848
D. Apr. 13, 1904
M. Nov. 5, 1883
Mary Maud Beresford
Both of England
Oxford University

III
Mary Greene Hubbard
Sturgis (4)
B. Feb. 2, 1851
M. (first) July 5, 1871
Leopold Richard Seymour
Col. of Guards, London
D. May 30, 1904
M. (second) July 18, 1906
Bertram Godfrey Falle

IV
Howard Overing Sturgis (4)
B. Nov. 8, 1855
Unmarried
of England
Oxford University

I

HENRY PARKMAN STURGIS (4)

and

MARY CECILIA BRAND (first wife)

Their children

I

MARGERY STURGIS (5)
B. June 21, 1874
M. Jan. 31, 1900
W. ELLICE

Their children

(a)

James Ellice (6)
B. June 4, 1901

(b)

Cecilia Ellice (6)
B. July 19, 1906

(c)

Aline Ellice (6)
B. July 9, 1909

II

RACHEL STURGIS (5)
B. Feb. 6, 1876
M. Sept. 8, 1898
AUBREY PRICE

Their children

(a)

Margaret Rachel Price (6)
B. Nov. 15, 1899

(b)

Trevor Price (6)
B. Mar. 2, 1901

III

OLIVE STURGIS (5)
B. Apr. 24, 1878
M. Oct. 18, 1900
GEORGE BARNARD HANKEY

Their child

(a)

Hans Mark John
Barnard Hankey (6)
B. Aug. 17, 1905

IV

HENRY RUSSELL STURGIS (5)
B. Oct. 25, 1879
M. Apr. 28, 1912
VIOLET MILNE

V

JOHN BRYAN STURGIS (5)
B. June 22, 1881
M. Feb. 19, 1914
ISHBEL ELLICE

VI

MARY STURGIS (5)
B. June 17, 1886
M. Feb. 17, 1910
WILLIAM BASSET

Their children

(a)

Nancy Ursula Basset (6)
B. Nov. 22, 1910

(b)

Richard Thurstine Basset (6)
B. Apr. 27, 1913

I

HENRY PARKMAN STURGIS (4)

and

MARIE EVELEEN MEREDITH (second wife)

Their children

VII

JOAN MEREDITH STURGIS (5)
B. July 24, 1895

VIII

DOROTHY MEREDITH STURGIS (5)
B. Jan. 26, 1897

II

JULIAN RUSSELL STURGIS (4)

and

MARY MAUD BERESFORD

Their children

(a)

Mark Beresford Russell Sturgis (5)
B. July 10, 1884
M. July 9, 1914
Ellen Rachel Stuart Wortley

(b)

Gerard Boit Sturgis (5)
B. Sept. 12, 1885
Unmarried

(c)

Roland Josselyn Russell Sturgis (5)
B. Jan. 9, 1888
Unmarried

III

MARY GREENE HUBBARD STURGIS (4)

and

COL. LEOPOLD RICHARD SEYMOUR

Their children.

I

MILDRED SEYMOUR (5)
B. Aug. 14, 1872
Unmarried

II

CONWAY RUSSELL SEYMOUR (5)
B. June 24, 1874
M. May 27, 1897
LOUISA MARY STREET

III

RICHARD STURGIS SEYMOUR (5)
B. Sept. 21, 1875
M. April 20, 1911
VICTORIA ALEXANDRA FITZROY

Their children

(a)

Leopold Richard Seymour (6)
B. Sept. 23, 1912

(b)

Alexandra Victoria Seymour (6)
B. May 24, 1914

IV

EDWARD SEYMOUR (5)
B. Feb. 10, 1877
M. July 29, 1905
BLANCHE FRANCES CONYNGHAM

Their child

(a)

Verena Mary Seymour (6)
B. May 24, 1906

V

BEAUCHAMP SEYMOUR (5)
B. Oct. 6, 1878

VI

ETHEL SEYMOUR (5)
B. Jan. 17, 1881
M. May 23, 1910
ERIC HENRY BONHAM

Their child

(a)

Elizabeth Mary Bonham (6)
B. July 10, 1914

VII

LIONEL SEYMOUR (5)
B. Feb. 24, 1889
M. Oct. 28, 1909
CATHERINE WOODING DOCKING

Chapter XIV

DESCENDANTS OF

THE HUBBARD FAMILY

IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA

THE HUBBARD FAMILY

THEIR DESCENT IN ENGLAND

Claimed to be from Edward, the First, of England

1. Edward I married Eleanor, daughter of Ferdinand III of Castile.
2. Joan Plantagenet married Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester.
3. Margaret de Clare married Hugh de Audley, Earl of Gloucester.
4. Margaret de Audley married Ralph Stafford, Earl of Stafford.
5. Hugh, Earl of Stafford, married Philippa Beauchamp, daughter of Earl of Warwick.
6. Margaret Stafford married Ralph de Nevill, Earl of Westmorland.
7. Philippa Nevill married Thomas Dacre, Lord Dacre.
8. Thomas Dacre married Eliza Bowes.
9. Joan Dacre married Sir Richard Fienes, Lord Dacre.
10. Sir Thomas Fienes married Alice Fitz Hugh, granddaughter of Richard Nevill, Earl of Salisbury.
11. Thomas Fienes, Lord Dacre, married Anne Bouchier, daughter of Sir Humphrey Bouchier.
12. Catherine Fienes married Richard Loudenoys.
13. Mary Loudenoys married Thomas Harlakenden.
14. Roger Harlakenden married Elizabeth Hardres.
15. Richard Harlakenden married Margaret (Hubbard) Hobart.
16. Mabel Harlakenden married Governor John Haynes.
17. Ruth Haynes married Samuel Wyllis.
18. Mehitable Wyllis married Rev. Daniel Russell.
19. Mabel Russell married Rev. John Hubbard, died 1705.

Having gone back to Edward I, I understand the line is carried back still farther to the Emperor Charlemagne. This chain is considered valuable by the Hubbard family, and has been much worn.

OUR BRANCH OF THE

HUBBARD FAMILY

IN AMERICA

REV. WILLIAM HUBBARD (1)

Came to Boston, in America, in 1635
He married his wife, Judith, in
Cambridge, England, in 1620
Became a Pastor in Ipswich, Mass.
Died in 1670

I
John Hubbard (2)
B. 1620

II
Rev. William Hubbard (2)
B. 1621. D. 1704
M. (first) Margaret Rogers
M. (second) Mary Crane Pierce
Harvard 1642
Pastor in Ipswich, Mass.
Called the "Historian"

III
Nathaniel Hubbard (2)
B. 1629

IV
Richard Hubbard (2)
B. 1631
D. 1681, Boston
M. Sarah Bradstreet
Daughter of Gov. Bradstreet
Harvard 1652
Their daughter, Sarah
B. 1659
M. Rev. John Cotton

V
Margaret Hubbard (2)
B. 1633
M. (first) Ezechiel Rogers
M. (second) Thomas Scott

VI
Martha Hubbard (2)
B. 1638
M. (first) Simeon Eyre
M. (second) John Whittingham

II

REV. WILLIAM HUBBARD (2)

and

MARGARET ROGERS (first wife)

Their children

I
John Hubbard (3)
B. 1648. D. 1710, Boston
M. Anne Leverett, daughter of Governor Leverett

II
Nathaniel Hubbard (3)
B. 1650

III
Margaret Hubbard (3)
B. 1652
M. John Pynchon

I

JOHN HUBBARD (3)

and

ANNE LEVERETT

Their children

I
Mary Hubbard (4)
B. 1673
M. Rev. Thomas Ruggles

II
Sarah Hubbard (4)
B. 1675

III
Rev. John Hubbard (4)
B. 1677
D. 1706, Jamaica, L. I.
M. Mabel Russell
Harvard 1695

IV
William Hubbard (4)
B. 1678

V
Hon. Nathaniel Hubbard (4)
B. 1680. D. 1748
Harvard 1698
M. (first) Mrs. Elizabeth (Tailor) Nelson
M. (second) Mrs. Rebecca (Smith) Gore

VI
Richard Hubbard (4)
B. 1684

VII
Anne Hubbard (4)
B. 1686

III

REV. JOHN HUBBARD (4)

and

MABEL RUSSELL

Their children

I

Dr. John Hubbard (5)
B. 1703. D. 1773
New Haven
M. Elizabeth Stevens
They had many descendants

II

Daniel Hubbard (5)
B. 1706. D. 1741
New London
Yale 1727
M. Martha Coit
After Daniel Hubbard's death
she married Thomas Greene of
Boston. D. 1774

II

DANIEL HUBBARD (5)

and

MARTHA COIT

Their children

I

Russell Hubbard (6)
B. 1732 Of Norwich and
New London
Yale 1751
M. Mary Gray
Many descendants

II

Lucretia Hubbard (6)
B. 1734, Boston
M. Gregory Townsend

III

Daniel Hubbard (6)
B. 1736. Of Boston
M. Mary Greene of Boston

IV

Elizabeth Hubbard (6)
B. 1738
M. Benjamin Greene

V

William Hubbard (6)
B. 1740 Of Boston and
New London
M. (first) Lydia Coit
M. (second) Mary Copley, 1780
M. (third) Joanna Perkins, 1784
Many descendants

III

DANIEL HUBBARD (6)

and

MARY GREENE

Their children

I
Martha Hubbard (7)
B. 1758, Boston
M. Adam Babcock

II
Elizabeth Hubbard (7)
B. 1760, Boston
M. Gardiner Greene

III
Daniel Hubbard (7)
B. 1762

IV
Thomas Hubbard (7)
B. 1764

V
John Hubbard (7)
B. 1765. D. Oct. 1, 1836
M. (first) Elizabeth Patterson
M. (second) Jane Parkinson
Oct. 3, 1802
D. Mar. 3, 1847, Boston
Married at "Plantation Grove"
Mahoica, Demerara

VI
Lucretia Hubbard (7)
B. 1767

VII
Henry Hubbard (7)
B. 1769, Boston
M. Mary Chadwell
Father and mother of
Charles Hubbard
Grandfather and grandmother
of Charles W. Hubbard
of Weston, and
Father and mother of
Mary Hubbard who married
Wm. S. Whitwell, and was the
Mother of Elizabeth Whitwell
who married William Tudor

VIII
Gilbert Hubbard (7)
B. 1771

IX
Charles Hubbard (7)
B. 1773

V

JOHN HUBBARD (7)

and

JANE PARKINSON (second wife)

Their children

I
Henry Hubbard (8)
B. 1804. D. 1837
No children

II
Mary Greene Hubbard (8)
B. 1806, Boston
D. Sept. 17, 1839
M. Sept. 28, 1829
Russell Sturgis of Boston and London

III
William Hubbard (8)
B. 1809. D. 1841
No children

IV
Anne Hubbard (8)
B. April 21, 1811
Plantation Mainstay
Demerara
D. Dec. 22, 1867
Tunbridge Wells, Kent
M. James White
Merchant of London
and Ceylon
B. Oct. 31, 1805
Hailsham, Sussex Co.
D. 1889 London

V
Gardiner Greene
Hubbard (8)
B. 1813. D. 1856
M. Oct. 3, 1844
Charlotte Caldwell Blake
B. Oct. 26, 1822
D. Nov. 29, 1900

VI
Elizabeth Hubbard (8)
B. 1815, Boston
D.
M. John Singleton Copley
Greene
of Boston
No children

VII
Martha Hubbard (8)
B. 1816
Unmarried

VIII
Jane Parkinson Hubbard (8)
B. 1818. D. 1890
Newport, R. I.
M. June 13, 1839
Edward Darley Boit, Boston
Harvard 1834

IX
Rev. John Parkinson
Hubbard (8)
B. June 1, 1820
D. Oct. 12, 1899
M. June 28, 1849
Adelaide McCulloh
of Virginia

X
Harriet Hubbard (8)
B. 1822
Unmarried

XI
George Hubbard (8)
B. 1823. D. 1867
Married
No children

II

MARY GREENE HUBBARD (8)

and

RUSSELL STURGIS

Their children

I

Russell Sturgis (9)
Manchester, Mass.
B. Aug. 3, 1831
D. Oct. 14, 1899
M. (first) Jan. 10, 1856
Susan Codman Welles
of Boston
M. (second) May 19, 1866
Margaret McCulloh
of Virginia

II

Lucy Lyman Paine
Sturgis (9)
B. Mar. 13, 1833
D. Jan. 22, 1907
M. Feb. 28, 1856, in England
Col. Charles R. Codman
of Boston
Harvard 1849

III

John Hubbard Sturgis (9)
B. Aug. 5, 1834
D. Feb. 14, 1888
M. Sept. 14, 1858
Frances Anne Codman
B.
D. May 16, 1910
Sister of Col. Charles R.
Codman

I

RUSSELL STURGIS (9)

and

SUSAN CODMAN WELLES (first wife)

Their children

I
Russell Sturgis (10)
B. Dec. 16, 1856
D. July 17, 1899
M. Mar. 30, 1880
Anne O. Bangs, Boston
Harvard 1878

II
Susan Welles Sturgis (10)
B. July 11, 1858
D. Feb. 18, 1888
M. Oct. 26, 1886
John Preston
No children

III
Richard Clipston
Sturgis (10)
B. Dec. 24, 1860
M. June 22, 1882
Esther M. Ogden of N. Y.
Harvard 1881

IV
William Codman
Sturgis (10)
B. Nov. 15, 1862
M. April 4, 1889
Carolyn Hall of New Jersey
Harvard 1884

I

RUSSELL STURGIS (9)

and

MARGARET McCULLOH (second wife)

Their children

V
Sullivan Warren Sturgis (10)
B. Apr. 24, 1868
M. July 26, 1899
Edith S. Barnes of New York
Harvard 1890

VI
Edward Sturgis (10)
B. Apr. 24, 1868
M. Jan. 14, 1902
Josephine Putnam
Harvard 1890

VII
J. McCulloh Sturgis (10)
B. Nov. 13, 1872
Unmarried
Harvard 1896

VIII
Lucy Codman Sturgis (10)
B. Feb. 11, 1876
Unmarried

I

DR. RUSSELL STURGIS (10)
and
ANNE O. BANGS

Their children

(a)
Russell Sturgis (11)
B. Dec. 31, 1880

(b)
Anne Outram Sturgis (11)
B. Mar. 25, 1882
M. Apr. 8, 1901
Sidney Archer Lord

Their children

I
Joseph Lord (12)
B. May 26, 1903

II
Anne Outram Lord (12)
B. Jan. 6, 1909

III
Hope Gray Lord (12)
B. July 14, 1914

(c)
Susan Welles Sturgis (11)
B. Jan. 14, 1885
M. Apr. 4, 1905
George Clymer

Their children

I
William Branford Clymer (12)
B. Jan. 20, 1906

II
Susan Welles Clymer (12)
B. Jan. 8, 1910

III
Russell Sturgis Clymer (12)
B. Aug. 25, 1914

(d)
Beatrice Outram Sturgis (11)
B. Aug. 7, 1886
M. Jan. 22, 1907
Andrew Hopewell Hepburn

Their children

I
Andrew Hopewell
Hepburn, Jr. (12)
B. Feb. 11, 1910

II
Russell Sturgis Hepburn (12)
B. May 9, 1912

(e)
Gertrude Sturgis (11)
B. June 20, 1889
M. Apr. 24, 1912
Dexter P. Cooper

Their child

I
Nancy Parshall Cooper (12)
B. Nov. 27, 1913

(f)
Carolyn Sturgis (11)
B. June 16, 1891
M. June 15, 1911
Theodore Townsend Scudder

Their children

I
Theodore Townsend
Scudder, Jr. (12)
B. June 4, 1912

II
Frances Scudder (12)
B. Nov. 8, 1913

(g)
Frances Sturgis (11)
B. Nov. 27, 1893
M. Jan. 19, 1914
F. Haven Clark, Jr.

III

RICHARD CLIPSTON STURGIS (10)

and

ESTHER MARY OGDEN

Their children

(a)
Richard Clipston Sturgis (11)
B. Mar. 17, 1884
D. Oct. 18, 1913

(b)
Dorothy Margaret Sturgis (11)
B. July 28, 1891
M. June 1, 1912
Lester William Harding

Their child

I
Margaret Helen Harding (12)
B. Nov. 11, 1914

IV

WILLIAM CODMAN STURGIS (10)

and

CAROLYN HALL

Their children

(a)
Norman Romney Sturgis (11)
B. Feb. 3, 1890
M. Nov. 6, 1911
Harriette Appleton Woods
Harvard 1912

Their children

I
Norman Romney
Sturgis, Jr. (12)
B. Oct. 30, 1912

II
Harriette Woods Sturgis (12)
B. Jan. 19, 1915

(b)
Alan Hall Sturgis (11)
B. April 29, 1892

(c)
Margaret Sturgis (11)
B. Mar. 1, 1894
M. Mar. 26, 1913
John Wallace Suter, Jr.

Their child

I
Margaret Suter (12)
B. April 16, 1914

(d)
Julia Sturgis (11)
B. May 23, 1898

V

SULLIVAN WARREN STURGIS (10)

and

EDITH S. BARNES

Their children

(a)
Susan Bainbridge Sturgis (11)
B. Aug. 2, 1900

(b)
Edith Sturgis (11)
B. April 16, 1903

(c)
Warren Sturgis (11)
B. Nov. 26, 1912

(d)
Somers Hayes Sturgis (11)
B. Oct. 14, 1914

VI

EDWARD STURGIS (10)

and

JOSEPHINE PUTNAM

Their children

(a)
Edward Sturgis (11)
B. July 25, 1904

(b)
George Putnam Sturgis (11)
B. July 23, 1905

(c)
Howard Sturgis (11)
B. Sept. 9, 1906

(d)
Harriet Lowell Sturgis (11)
B. Feb. 15, 1908

(e)
Josephine Lowell Sturgis (11)
B. Feb. 22, 1910

(f)
Charles Russell Lowell Sturgis (11)
B. Feb. 8, 1912

II

LUCY LYMAN PAINE STURGIS (9)

and

CHARLES R. CODMAN

Living descendants

I

Russell Sturgis Codman (10)
B. Oct. 20, 1861
M. Aug. 4, 1891
Anna K. Crafts of Boston
Harvard 1883

II

Anne McMaster
Codman (10)
B. Nov. 11, 1864
M. Nov. 15, 1892
Henry B. Cabot of Boston
Harvard 1883

III

Susan Welles Codman (10)
B. Dec. 30, 1866
M. May 19, 1896
Redington Fiske

IV

John Sturgis Codman (10)
B. Feb. 25, 1868
M. Apr. 25, 1901
Susan Sargent Codman
daughter of
Richard Codman
Harvard 1890

V

Julian Codman (10)
B. Sept. 21, 1870
M. Apr. 29, 1897
Nora Chadwick
Harvard 1892

I

RUSSELL STURGIS CODMAN (10)

and

ANNA K. CRAFTS

Their children

(a)

Charles Russell Codman (11)
B. Feb. 22, 1893

(b)

Russell Codman (11)
B. June 15, 1896

II

ANNE McMASTER CODMAN (10)

and

HENRY BROMFIELD CABOT

Their children

(a)
Henry Bromfield Cabot (11)
B. Dec. 7, 1894

(b)
Powell Mason Cabot (11)
B. Dec. 20, 1896

(c)
Paul Codman Cabot (11)
B. Oct. 21, 1898

(d)
Charles Codman Cabot (11)
B. Nov. 22, 1900

(e)
Anne McMaster Cabot (11)
B. May 13, 1903

(f)
Susan Mary Cabot (11)
Feb. 27, 1907

III

SUSAN WELLES CODMAN (10)

and

REDINGTON FISKE

Their children

(a)
Redington Fiske (11)
B. Dec. 3, 1898

(b)
Francis Fiske (11)
B. Nov. 26, 1900

(c)
Lucy Codman Fiske (11)
B. Sept. 22, 1902

(d)
Robert Francis Fiske (11)
B. Dec. 22, 1903

(e)
John Codman Fiske (11)
B. Feb. 8, 1910

IV

JOHN STURGIS CODMAN (10)

and

SUSAN SARGENT CODMAN

Their child

(a)
Rachel Sturgis Codman (11)
B. June 21, 1909

V

JULIAN CODMAN (10)

and

NORA CHADWICK

Their children

(a)
Lucy Sturgis Codman (11)
B. May 5, 1907

(b)
Hester Schuyler Codman (11)
B. April 17, 1909

III

JOHN HUBBARD STURGIS (9)
and
FRANCES ANNE CODMAN

Their children

I
John Hubbard Sturgis (10)
B. Oct. 11, 1860
M. July 19, 1898
Kate Hosmer
Harvard 1881

II
Gertrude Gouverneur
Sturgis (10)
B. Feb. 3, 1862
D. Mar. 15, 1890
M. Aug. 29, 1889
Francis W. Hunnewell
Harvard 1860
No children

III
Frances C. Sturgis (10)
Unmarried
B. Nov. 7, 1863

IV
Mabel Russell Sturgis (10)
Unmarried
B. July 17, 1865

V
Alice Maud Sturgis (10)
Unmarried
B. June 4, 1868

VI
Charles R. Sturgis (10)
B. April 9, 1871
D. Oct. 2, 1909
M. April 13, 1909
Alice Bowditch
of Albany, N. Y.
Harvard 1893
No children

VII
Evelyn R. Sturgis (10)
B. Oct 4, 1872
Unmarried

I

JOHN HUBBARD STURGIS (10)
and
KATE HOSMER

Their children

(a)
Gertrude Gouverneur
Sturgis (11)
B. July 5, 1899

(b)
John Hubbard Sturgis (11)
B. Nov. 27, 1900
D. Sept. 10, 1909

(c)
Frances Anne Sturgis (11)
B. Oct. 30, 1903

(d)
Katherine Sturgis (11)
B. Oct. 17, 1904

IV

ANNE HUBBARD (8)

and

JAMES WHITE

Their children

I

Eliza died unmarried (9)

II

John Hubbard White (9)
B. 1834. D. 1910
M. 1856
Emma Davies
General of Royal Engineers
Master of Mint in Bombay
Retired and died in England
(Children)

III

Anne Gordon White (9)
B. 1836
M. 1866
Henry Bois, a Merchant of Ceylon
Retired to London
(Children)

IV

Ellen Parkinson White (9)
B. Dec. 1838
M. 1867
Sir William F. Haynes-Smith
K. C. M. G.
Retired to London from the Colonial Service
(Children)

V

Mary Elizabeth White (9)
B. 1840
M. 1868
Frederick Bois
Brother of Henry Bois
Merchant of Ceylon
Retired to London
(Children)

VI

Madeline Louise White (9)
B. 1842. D. 1908
M. 1871
Sydney Unwin
Emigrated to Tasmania
One boy and four girls
All married but one girl

VII

Gordon White (9)
B. 1844. D. 1903
M. 1880
Miss Annie Lovell
Two boys and two girls of whom one boy is dead

VIII

Isa Loring White (9)
B. 1846
M. 1869
Gabriel Ross
(Children)

IX

Russell White (9)
B. 1854
Married twice
No children
A Doctor

II

JOHN HUBBARD WHITE (9)

and

EMMA DAVIES

Their children

(a)
John Houghton White (10)
B. 1857
D. 1895

(b)
Herbert White (10)
B. 1858
D. 1862

(c)
Julian White (10)
B. 1860
D. 1896

(d)
Ella White (10)
B. 1862
M.
Sir Henry Pilkingham
They have one son, William
who is now fighting in the
Canadian Contingent
and
Three daughters

(e)
Mary White (10)
B. 1866
Unmarried

(f)
Maude White (10)
B. 1868
M.
Herbert Carden
They had one son who is now
a prisoner of war
One other son
and
Two daughters

(g)
Beryl White (10)
B. 1872
M.
Captain Shelley
They had two children
Boy and girl

(h)
James Ross White (10)
B. 1875
M. 1908
Miss McPherson
A Captain of the
Royal Engineers
No children

III

ANNE GORDON WHITE (9)

and

HENRY BOIS

Living children

(a)
H. Gordon Bois (10)
B. 1868
M. 1900
Miss Harvey
No children
In his father's business
Ceylon Merchant

(b)
Herbert Gordon Bois (10)
B. 1873
M. 1900
Florence Anderson
Three boys
In father's business
Ceylon Merchant

(c)
Anne Gordon Bois (10)
B. 1875
M. 1898
Thomas Webster
Children
Two girls and boy

(d)
Elsie Gordon Bois (10)
B. 1876
M. 1912
John Gabarde
No children

(e)
Charles Gordon Bois (10)
B. 1878
Unmarried
In business in London
At present in Red Cross work
with motor in France

IV

ELLEN PARKINSON WHITE (9)

and

SIR WILLIAM F. HAYNES-SMITH

Living children

(a)

Anne Gordon Haynes-Smith (10)
B.
M.
Captain E. C. Villiers
Royal Navy
In command of defences of the Nore

Their children

I
Ellen Margaret Villiers (11)
B. 1901

II
Louis Alexander Villiers (11)
B. 1902
Godson of Prince Louis of Battenberg

III
William Amherst Villiers (11)
B. 1904

IV
John Michael Villiers (11)
B. 1906

V
Edward Jordon Villiers (11)
B. 1909

(b)

William Haynes-Smith (10)
Unmarried

V

MARY ELIZABETH WHITE (9)

and

FREDERICK BOIS

Their children

(a)

Mary Louise Bois (10)
B. 1872
M. 1898
Graham Hurd-Wood
They have two sons
Edric and Fergus
Both midshipmen in the Navy
One of whom was a survivor of the "Formidable"
which sunk on January 2, 1915
and one daughter, Margery

(b)

Winnifred Bois (10)
B. 1875
Unmarried

VIII

ISA LORING WHITE (9)

and

GABRIEL ROSS

Living children

(a)
Isa Ross (10)
B.
M.
Sir Stanley Bois
Youngest brother
of her Bois uncles
No children
Isa Ross
D.

(b)
Ena Ross (10)
B.
Unmarried

(c)
Brenda Ross (10)
B.
M.
Sir Stanley Bois
Her sister's
widower

(d)
Walter Ross (10)
B.
Unmarried

V

GARDINER GREENE HUBBARD (8)

and

CHARLOTTE CALDWELL BLAKE

Children who reached maturity

I
Francis Stanton Hubbard (9)
B. Dec. 21, 1847, Boston
M. June 23, 1909
Fannie Mabel Rebecca Hill
of Kent, Eng.
B. Feb. 5, 1880

II
John Gordon Hubbard (9)
B. Feb. 13, 1853, Boston
M. April 15, 1901
Jane Frances Ferguson
B. Dec. 26, 1857
Mass. Inst. Technology
Joint inventor with
Francis Blake of the
Blake Transmitter

IX

REV. JOHN PARKINSON HUBBARD (8)
and
ADELAIDE McCULLOH

Children still living

I
Mary Adelaide Hubbard (9)
B. Dec. 9, 1850
Unmarried

II
Russell Sturgis Hubbard (9)
B. June 26, 1863
M.
Elizabeth Perry
B. Jan. 9, 1875

Their children

(a)
Russell Sturgis Hubbard, Jr. (10)
B. Sept. 8, 1902

(b)
John Perry Hubbard (10)
B. Oct. 26, 1903

(c)
James Dewolf Hubbard (10)
B. Dec. 7, 1907

III
Anne McCulloh Hubbard (9)
B. Sept. 26, 1866
Unmarried

IV
Lucy Sturgis Hubbard (9)
B. July 19, 1872
M. June 10, 1897
Wm. Hamilton Jefferys
B.

Their children

(a)
Anne Jefferys (10)
B. July 27, 1898

(b)
Lucy Jefferys (10)
B. Mar. 18, 1904

(c)
Adelaide McCulloh Jefferys (10)
B. Mar. 23, 1907

V
Edith Hubbard (9)
B. Aug. 4, 1874
Unmarried

I would say again, in explanation, that I am the son of Edward Darley Boit (3) and Jane Parkinson Hubbard (8). I have given the pedigrees of the Boit and Hubbard families down to my said father and mother. I have given the descendants of my father and mother. To these I have added the descendants of the brothers and sisters of my father and mother, that is to say the descendants of my own uncles and aunts.

ROBERT APTHORP BOIT (4)

April 29, 1915.

ROBERT APTHORP BOIT

Married May 20, 1886

LILIAN WILLIS

Born April 27, 1850

New York City

Chapter XV

THEIR first child was Alice Boit, born in Hawes Street, Brookline, Massachusetts, May 2, 1887; married William Appleton Burnham, of Boston, Massachusetts.

Their second child was John Edward Boit, born in Hawes Street, Brookline, Massachusetts, November 20, 1889.

Lilian Willis was the daughter of Nathaniel P. Willis, the well-known author and poet, and his second wife, Cornelia Grinnell of New Bedford, Massachusetts.

Nathaniel Parker Willis was born in Portland, Maine, and was a graduate of Yale. His life has been so fully written, and his journeyings and writings are so well known, that it is unnecessary for me to enlarge upon them.

Cornelia Grinnell was born in New Bedford, Massachusetts, and the daughter of Cornelius Grinnell, who died when she was young. Afterwards she was adopted

by her uncle, Joseph Grinnell, of New Bedford, who was the founder of the old and well-known firm of Grinnell, Minturn & Co., of New York. He later returned to New Bedford, and was one of the builders of the Wamsutta Mills, and its President for fifty years. He was also President of the First National Bank until he died, in the full possession of his faculties, at the good old age of ninety-seven. Another brother of his was Henry Grinnell, of New York, who chiefly financed two Arctic expeditions in search of Sir John Franklin. Grinnell Land was named for him. Another brother was Moses Grinnell of New York, who was at one time the Collector of the Port of New York, and whose daughter, Frances, married Thomas Cushing of Boston, the brother of Mary Louisa Cushing, who married Edward Darley Boit (4).

GRINNELL FAMILY

IN AMERICA

(FRENCH EXTRACTION)

1. Matthew, born 1602, died 1643. Settled and died on Island of Aquidneck, Rhode Island. On May 20, 1638, was admitted as an inhabitant of Newport, Rhode Island. Married Rose . . . who later married Anthony Paine, of Portsmouth, Rhode Island, and again James Weeden, of Portsmouth.

2. Daniel Grinnell, of Freetown, Massachusetts, who married Sarah Chase. Another record calls him of Portsmouth and Little Compton, Rhode Island. In 1657 he became a Freeman of Portsmouth and married Mary Wordell, born in 1640. By trade, maltster.

3. Richard Grinnell, born 1675, died July 1, 1725, of Little Compton, Rhode Island, a large land owner. Married May 25, 1704, Patience Emery, who was born in 1681 and died 1749. His will was probated July 20, 1725, dividing a large landed estate among his children. The inventory of his estate shows that he owned two slaves: Toby, valued at £60, and Phillis, at £55. When his widow, Patience, died, her estate was valued at £1,105. They were both buried in the quaint cemetery at Little Compton Commons.

4. Daniel Grinnell, born April 20, 1721, in Little

Compton, and died there. He was a prosperous farmer. He married, May 31, 1741, Grace, daughter of John and Elizabeth Palmer. She was born January 18, 1720. Through the Church family (her mother's family) she was a descendant of Richard Warren, of the Mayflower.

5. Cornelius Grinnell, born February 11, 1758, in Little Compton, died, April 19, 1850, in New Bedford. Started as apprentice to a hatter in New Bedford, but broke away, and went to sea, entering the whaling service. In 1791, was first mate on ship Rebecca, owned by Joseph Russell, and next voyage became Captain. Later, he sailed in the merchant service and prospered greatly. He became a very prominent man in his community. He married in 1785, Sylvia Howland, daughter of Gideon and Sarah (Hicks) Howland, of Dartmouth, Rhode Island. She was born August 4, 1765, died August 1, 1837. During the Revolutionary War, Captain Grinnell served his country on land and sea. "Hale, hearty, intelligent and hospitable, he died, full of years and universally respected, leaving behind him a remarkable family." He was a Director of the first bank started in New Bedford, in 1803, and called the Bedford Bank. He was also an incorporator and trustee of the New Bedford Institution for Savings. "Captain Grinnell was a gentleman of the old school, hospitable, urbane, a man of sound judgment and unswerving integrity of character. In personal appearance he was said strongly to resemble the great Lafayette. He retained until his last years,

the costume of his earlier days, and was remarkable for the neatness of his person." He and his wife lie side by side in Oak Grove Cemetery, New Bedford.

6. Cornelius Grinnell, Jr., born February 8, 1786, in New Bedford, died December 30, 1830. Married (first) June 26, 1808, Eliza Tallman Russell, daughter of Gilbert and Lydia Russell, born November 27, 1784, died January 19, 1827; (second) October 9, 1828, her sister, Mary Russell, born October 14, 1790, died September 10, 1838, while visiting the Blue Sulphur Springs, Virginia. He was first in the commission business in New York. Then he returned to New Bedford and bought a farm at Potomska, where he devoted himself to raising fine Merino sheep. About 1828 he returned to New Bedford and built his house, which now stands at the corner of County and Hawthorn Streets, and was afterwards occupied by Horatio Hathaway. He was in the Legislature for three years.

7. Cornelia Grinnell, born March 19, 1825, in New Bedford, died March 26, 1904, in Washington, District of Columbia. Married October 1, 1846, Nathaniel Parker Willis, son of Nathaniel and Hannah (Parker) Willis, born in Portland, Maine, January 20, 1806, and died at Idlewild on the Hudson, New York, January 20, 1867; poet and journalist.

8. Their children were: Grinnell Willis, born April 28, 1848; married Mary Haydock, of Philadelphia. Lilian, born April 27, 1850; married Robert Apthorp Boit,

of Boston. Edith, born, September 28, 1853; married Lawrence Leslie Grinnell of New York. Bailey, born May 31, 1857; married Margaret Baker of Washington.

There are other branches of the Grinnell family.

At the death of her father, Cornelius Grinnell, Cornelia Grinnell was adopted by her uncle, Honorable Joseph Grinnell, a distinguished man, at one time in Congress. He left his property to Cornelia and her children.

GENERAL HUGH MERCER

Sketch of his life by his great-granddaughter, Mary Stuart (Mercer) Walker — sister of Georgia (Mercer) Boit. Written for the Celebrations at Mercersburgh, Pennsylvania, about 1910

Chapter XVI

IN the parish register of the little country church at Pitsligo, Aberdeenshire, Scotland, there are the following entries: "June 9th 1723, this Lord's day, Mr. William Mercer, and Mistress Anne Munroe, were proclaimed for the third time," their marriage following in the same month.

Then "January 17th 1726 the Reverent Mr. William Mercer, and Mrs. Anne Munroe his wife, had a son baptised named Hugh."

In view of the above entries, I must take issue with such of his biographers as give the year 1721 as the date of the birth of my great-grandfather, Hugh Mercer. More accurate history should place it in the year 1725.

Descended on his paternal side, from a long line of ministers of the Church of Scotland, from about 1650, it was doubtless both from inheritance and training, that Hugh Mercer was so thoroughly imbued with those sterling virtues of truth, a high sense of honor, loyalty and devotion to duty, which made him the good and great man he was afterwards to become. According to our

family tradition he was a man of modest, gentle, unassuming nature, content to do his duty faithfully as he saw it, without any undue regard either to the praise or blame of others; and he would, no doubt, in his early years, have been very much surprised had it been foretold of him, how prominent a part he was destined to play in after life, in the history of his adopted country. Hugh Mercer became a student of medicine at Marischal College, in 1740, and we next hear of him as an assistant surgeon in the army of "Bonnie Prince Charlie," in 1746, in that ill-fated attempt to place him on the throne of his fathers.

The Scotch, especially those from the Highlands, were always loyal to the house of Stuart, and Mercer, no doubt convinced of the justice of the cause, and with all his martial and patriotic spirit stirred to the depths, hastened to "Link his fortune and his fate" to the cause of the Pretender.

This was all the more to be expected as he had fighting blood in his veins, his maternal grandfather being Sir Robert Munroe, who fought with distinction in the British army on the continent, at Fontenoy and elsewhere. He was ordered home to oppose the Young Pretender, and was killed while in command at the battle of Falkirk, in 1746. We do not know whether his grandson, Hugh Mercer, was his opponent on that bloody field, but we do know that he was certainly at the battle of Culloden, where Prince Charlie's army was completely crushed,

and the Stuart cause lost forever. "In his flight the Pretender was like a hare hunted by hounds. Flora MacDonald, a Scottish maiden, foiled his pursuers; and at length he reached France in safety. His loyal and loving followers found refuge in any way possible, hunted down and mercilessly butchered when caught. The terrible tragedy of the battle was as nothing compared to the butchery of these fugitives by the relentless and implacable Duke of Cumberland, a name made infamous by his treatment of a fallen foe."

After remaining in hiding for a time, Hugh Mercer managed to escape the vigilance of his enemies, and in the fall of the year 1746, embarked at Leith for America, landing a few weeks afterwards at Philadelphia. He remained but a short time in that city, however, and then made his first attempt to establish a home, on the western borders of the state of Pennsylvania, at a place then described as "near Greencastle," but now, since named in his honor, known to all the country as Mercersburgh.

Here he settled down to the practice of his profession — a varied experience in those Colonial times on the frontier of civilization, requiring high qualities of endurance, patience, skill and courage. It is believed that Mercer's services as a physician and surgeon covered the whole Conococheague settlement, embracing the entire district between Chambersburg and his own residence; and young as he was at that time, he was well known to all the inhabitants of the region round about, loved and

welcomed everywhere, and looked up to as one who not only healed the sick, but who strengthened the weak, comforted the weary, and cheered the sorrowing. It was a splendid preparation for the hardships and privations he was in the future called upon to endure. "A life of hardship well done, and consecrated by self-sacrifice."

But Dr. Mercer was not to be allowed to lead his chosen life for a very long period among those peaceful scenes, in that beautiful part of the state of Pennsylvania. After Braddock's disastrous defeat by the French and Indians in his attempt to capture Fort Duquesne, in the year 1755, the Indians emboldened by success, became more and more troublesome, and in self-defence the Colonists formed themselves into companies of Rangers, of one of which Dr. Mercer was made Captain. His commission is dated, March, 1756, and his territory extended to the Welsh Run district and Mercersburgh, into the remote regions among the foothills, with headquarters at McDowell's Fort, now Bridgeport.

In one of his Indian fights he was severely wounded, and having been left behind by his retreating companions, he narrowly escaped with his life. Closely pursued by the savages, he providentially found a place of safety in the hollow trunk of a tree around which the Indians rested, and discussed the prospect of scalping him in the near future. When they had taken their departure, Mercer struck out in another direction, and completely outwitted them. Sick with his wounds, and

worn out with his struggles, he began a lonely march of one hundred miles, but finally succeeded in joining the remnant of his command at Fort Cumberland. To sustain existence while on this wearisome march, he was compelled to live upon roots and herbs, the carcass of a rattlesnake proving his most nourishing meal.

Hugh Mercer was with the force that surprised and destroyed the Indian village of Kittaning in 1756, but was severely wounded in that encounter, and once more counted among the missing. For the second time he had to use all his wits to manœuvre and march through the forest, half famished, and faint from the lack of food, until he succeeded in joining his surviving companions. Such energy and bravery illicited the applause of all who knew his experiences, and in appreciation of his services and sufferings, the Corporation of Philadelphia presented him with a vote of thanks, and a beautiful memorial medal.

In the summer of 1757 Mercer was made Commander of the garrison in the fort at Shippensburg, and in December of the same year was appointed Major of the forces of the province of Pennsylvania, posted west of the Susquehanna. In the following year he was in command of a part of the expedition of General Forbes against Fort Duquesne; and it was on this memorable march that he first met George Washington, then a Brigadier-general of Virginia troops. A strong attachment soon sprang up between these two men, which

lasted as long as Mercer lived, and as a result of that attachment, on the advice and at the suggestion of Washington, Virginia became the home of Hugh Mercer, and Mercersburgh, Pennsylvania, lost a good and valued citizen.

After the conclusion of the French and Indian War, and the evacuation of the forts by their French garrisons, Mercer, who had been promoted to the rank of Colonel, retired from military life, and moving to Fredericksburg, Virginia, again commenced the practice of his profession as a physician. "At this time, although thinly settled, this part of Virginia contained the homes of many of the most distinguished families on the continent. They gave Mercer the cordial welcome to which his education and talents entitled him, reinforced by his brilliant career as a military man, and supplemented by the brotherly love and many favors shown him by General Washington."

Life in the quiet little town of Fredericksburg, during the next few years, was uneventful; the only matter of interest being Mercer's marriage to Isabella Gordon, the daughter of a prominent Virginia family, and a sister of the lady who married George Weedon, a Major-general in the War of the Revolution. At his death, General Weedon left his property to my Grandfather Hugh Mercer, 2d, who was an infant at the time of his father's death at the Battle of Princeton.

With this dear old home, "The Sentry Box," on the banks of the Rappahannock River, are connected some

of the happiest memories of my childhood and early girlhood. My father, Hugh Mercer, 3d, was the much beloved eldest son of the family, and as long as his parents lived, his children were taken by him every year to spend a few weeks in "The Sentry Box," still dear to my memory.

In 1775, Dr. Mercer's quiet life was again to be interrupted by political troubles. "Ominous clouds were gathering in the Colonial sky, and the perilous situation was quickly and fully realized by the patriotic Virginians. When the general British order went forth to seize all military stores in the Colonies, the Americans made prompt resistance without further parleying. Massachusetts was speedily followed by Virginia; and in almost the first important item, we find that Dr. Hugh Mercer was drilling a partially organized body of Virginia men to be ready for any emergency. They did not have long to wait, and when 'the next gale from the north brought the clash of resounding arms,' the patriots of Virginia commenced organizing for immediate fighting."

In March, 1775, the Virginia Convention assembled in St. John's Church, Richmond, where the eloquence of Patrick Henry, and his splendid rallying cry of "Liberty or Death" stirred all hearts to decision and action. Mercer, with his customary modesty, made to the Convention his simple proffer of services in the expressive words: "Hugh Mercer will serve his adopted country, and the cause of liberty, in any rank or station to which he may

be assigned." Noble words, these, which found their echo in what he said later: "We are not engaged in a war of ambition, or I should not have been here. Every man should be content to serve in that station in which he can be most useful. For my part I have but one object in view, and that is the success of the cause; and God can witness how cheerfully I would lay down my life to secure it."

After some balloting and discussion, to Mercer was assigned the Colonelcy of the Third Regiment of Virginia, but Congress having adopted the Virginia troops as a part of the Continental Army, Mercer was not long permitted to remain a Colonel, but on the urgent recommendation of Washington, was made a Brigadier-general.

His commission is dated June 5, 1776, and his assignment with "the Army around New York." It is impossible within the limits of this short sketch, to follow all the details of the later career of my illustrious ancestor, as much as it would interest me to do so, and I must confine myself to matters only of the greatest interest.

The friendship between Washington and Mercer continued warm and unabated, and there is every reason to believe that the latter was often consulted upon military matters by his great Chief. It is stated on good authority that the idea of attacking the British Army at Trenton originated with Mercer, and he is also credited with the plan of the battle of Princeton.

This was a most daring venture, for our little army

was struggling against tremendous odds, and a single break in the American calculations meant untold disaster.

"All went well through the night, but in the early hours of the 3d of January, 1777, the American troops were surprised by the 17th British Regiment under Colonel Mawhood. General Mercer was on a fine gray horse, occupying the post of honor in the front, and at the first volley from the enemy his horse was brought down, and his most trusted lieutenant, Colonel Hazlett, killed. The British troops charged after the third volley, and the Colonists were driven back in disorder before a bayonet charge, by a force vastly superior in numbers."

Mercer was unable to extricate himself from his fallen horse in time to defend himself at once, and at that instant he was surrounded by a detachment of the enemy, who thought from his prominent position in the front that they had captured the "rebel General Washington." They demanded his surrender but with too reckless courage, he refused, and sought to fight his way out with his sword, when he was struck from behind by a blow with the butt end of a musket, and was knocked down, receiving while he lay helpless, no less than seven bayonet wounds in his body, in addition to two wounds in the head.

As soon after the battle as possible, General Mercer was moved to an adjacent farmhouse owned by Mr. Clark, where he was tenderly cared for by Mrs. Clark and her daughter; and for a time his recovery was hoped for, in spite of the intense pain from his wounds and the great

loss of blood. Every thing that medical skill could accomplish was done to alleviate his suffering, and to save the life of this brave and gallant man, but nine days after the battle he expired in the arms of Major George Lewis, who had been sent by his uncle, General Washington, to minister to the wants of the dying hero.

General Mercer died as he had lived, bravely and calmly sinking into his well-earned rest. "What is to be, is to be! Goodbye, dear native land! Farewell adopted country! I have done my best for you! Into thy care, O America, I commit my fatherless family! May God prosper our righteous cause! Amen!" Such was his final prayer; his race was won, his labor over.

And so passed into the Great Beyond this brave and good man, a pure patriot and a martyr to the cause of liberty. It is no exaggeration to say that the whole country mourned his loss. His body was removed under a military escort from Princeton to Philadelphia, where it lay in state for a day, and was then interred in Christ Churchyard with military honors, and attended, it is said, by over thirty thousand persons. General Mercer was a member of the St. Andrew's Society of Philadelphia, and his body was removed in 1840 to Laurel Hill Cemetery, and reinterred in the burial lot purchased for the purpose by that Society, which in addition to caring for his grave, is the custodian of his sword, now deposited with the Historical Society of Philadelphia.

I cannot more fitly close this sketch than by quoting

the fine words of a recent biographer: "He is entitled to the gratitude of all liberty-loving America. His life was beautiful and complete in its symmetry, and was both a benediction and benefaction. The memory of such a man cannot perish from the face of the earth, but shall be as eternal as Truth."

Copy of letter given me by Mary Stuart (Mercer) Walker, written by her great-great-grandfather, John Stuart, sixth Earl of Traquair, to his daughter, Lady Christina Griffin, wife of Cyrus Griffin of Virginia, whose daughter married Hugh Mercer, 2d of Virginia.

"Traquair, 26th March, 1774.

"To the Right Honorable

"Lady Christina Griffin:

"My dear Christina,—

"Yours of the 14th November from Virginia I received about a fortnight ago; but previously to it I had got a letter from Mr. Griffin with the agreeable accounts of your safe arrival, to which I returned an answer a few days after.

"We were all very sorry for the danger you underwent in your voyage; but at the same time were thankful for

our ignorance of the hazard you were in till all your fears and dangers were over. Your accounts of little Jacky were very agreeable; long may he be a blessing and comfort to you both, and as you have been so agreeably welcomed and entertained by all Mr. Griffin's acquaintances and friends in that country, I don't doubt but that their future behavior will endear you more both to them and to the place. As your sister Lucy who is lately come from . . . I shall refer you to her accounts of that town and news of all your acquaintances, and confine mine to those of this family, and what chiefly concerns you; to wit, the death of your old friend, Lady Earlshall, which happened about six weeks ago. As the papers concerning your claim upon her heir were left in my custody by Mr. Griffin, and the . . . Mr. Robert Henderson is waiting to be informed of all her debts, I have thought it the properest way to lodge the vouchers for your claim in the hands of Mr. Colquhoun Grant especially as I am not to be long in this country. He is to be soon at Traquair; shall then make him peruse the papers and after that transmit to Mr. Griffin his opinion of them, whether they would stand a law-suit, or to save expenses perhaps it would be more eligible to submit the affair to arbiters, but in the meantime I shall tell him to do nothing in it till Mr. Griffin sends him orders how to act.

"About three weeks ago our family are separate — Your brother and wife are gone to live at Edinburgh

until I leave them place, which I propose doing at Whitsunday next. Your sisters and I are to go beyond seas, but whether we are to be at Doray (or Douai) or Paris cannot yet be determined until I hear from Mr. Gordon of the Scots College, as I find both places pretty equal. Shall decide myself for the last, if I be agreeably welcomed there as a boarder; if not, my friend, Mr. Robert Grant, will receive me as such at . . . and in that event your sisters will either go to the Abbey des PRES or any other convent in that town . . . refer to it. If Paris is to be the place of our abode, as they don't like to be in an English house they propose to be boarded in a French convent, the nearest that can be gotten to the Scots College if there be a proper apartment there for me; for which I wait an answer from Mr. Gordon "The Principle," the middle of next monthe, when it comes shall inform you before I go away where we are determined to settle.

"Tho' notwithstanding of Lent, I have kept my health, thank God, very well, yet the fatigue of so long a journey for one of my advanced age frightens me. If my daughters were willing I should make most of the journey by sea, as the most convenient for the old and lame. Wherever I am, I shall be glad to hear from you or Mr. Griffin. While on this side of the grave your letters to me may be directed to me to the care of Mr. Colquhoun Grant, in Edinburgh, and I shall direct mine as you desire, care of Mr. Mc. Call, Merchant in

Glasgow. Adieu. My affectionate and warmest love ever attend you, Mr. Griffin, and my dear little namesake, and I am

"My dear child

"Your most affectionate father

"Traquair.

"Mrs. Oliver received your present and values it much. She was here the other day and begged to be remembered to you and Mr. Griffin in the kindest manner. Mrs. Donnie is returned from her jaunt to Paris. She says she cannot understand how the sheets are missing, thinks you must have counted wrong."

HUGH WEEDON MERCER
of Virginia
M. 1834
MARY S. ANDERSON
of Savannah, Ga.

Their children were

(a)
George Anderson Mercer
M. 1861
Nannie Herndon of Virginia

(b)
William Gordon, died young

(c)
Hugh Weedon, died young

(d)
Mary Stuart Mercer
M. 1863
Henry Harrison Walker
of Virginia

(e)
Georgia Anderson Mercer
of Savannah, Ga.
M. 1874
Robert Apthorp Boit
of Boston, Mass.

GENEALOGY OF ABOVE

HUGH WEEDON MERCER

General Hugh Weedon Mercer, West Point Graduate and General in Confederate Army, son of Hugh Mercer of Virginia and Louisa Griffin. Louisa Griffin was the daughter of Cyrus Griffin and Lady Christina Stuart, daughter of John Stuart, Earl of Traquair, Scotland.

Hugh Mercer of Virginia, son of General Hugh Mercer (baptised in Pitsligo, in the Presbytery of Deen, Aberdeenshire, January 17, 1726), and Isabel Gordon, his wife.

General Hugh Mercer, killed, Battle of Princeton, 1777, settled in Virginia, after the Battle of Culloden, son of William Mercer (born 1696; ordained by the Presbytery at the Kirk of Tyrie, September, 1720) and his wife, Anna Munro, daughter of Sir Robert Munro of Fowlis. Married, June 1723.

Reverend William Mercer, son of Thomas Mercer of Todlaw and Middyburn.

Reverend Thomas Mercer, son of John Mercer (ordained Minister of Kenellan, in Aberdeenshire in 1650) and Lilias Row, his wife, daughter of John Row, the Historian of the Church.

Reverend John Mercer, son of Robert Mercer, Minister of Ellon, Aberdeenshire, from 1596, died at Ellon, 1642.

CYRUS GRIFFIN

OF VIRGINIA

Great-grandfather of Georgia (Mercer) Boit

By Sally Nelson Robins

Chapter XVII

THE Griffin family, of Virginia, was founded by Thomas Griffin, who took up various grants of land, from 1651, on the Rappahannock River in Virginia.

Thomas and his brother Samuel came to America from Wales. They left their eldest brother in Wales, who possessed an estate of £600 sterling per annum. He died without issue, and Samuel went back to Wales to look after the estate. He died before his business was finished. Thomas then sent over an agent to collect the revenue of the estate.

Thomas Griffin never left Virginia. His wife's maiden name is not known. Her baptismal name was Sarah. Their eldest child, Colonel Leroy Griffin, Justice of Rappahannock County, 1680–1695, married Winifred, daughter of Colonel Gawin Corbin. Thenceforward the "Corbin-Griffins" appear. The oldest son of Colonel Leroy and Winifred Griffin was Thomas, of Richmond County, Virginia. He was a member of the House of

Burgesses, for Richmond County, from 1718 to 1723. His oldest son, Leroy, High Sheriff of Richmond County, married October 5, 1734, Mary Ann, only daughter and heiress of John Bertrand, of "Belleisle," Lancaster County, Virginia, and had four sons, who became useful and distinguished men.

Cyrus Griffin, born in 1749, was the fourth and youngest son.

The opening words of a discolored, almost illegible, autograph letter of Judge Richard Peters, dated "Belmont" (Philadelphia County, Pennsylvania), July 6, 1820, addressed to Dr. S. S. Griffin, Yorktown, Virginia, gives us a favorable comment upon the character of Cyrus Griffin, the last president of the Continental Congress:

"DEAR SIR: — I am happy that any occasion should have given me the pleasure of a letter from the son of my late much-esteemed friend, Cyrus Griffin, with whom I have spent many happy hours, and have cheerfully passed through many a gloomy day. At the period of our acquaintance, we never complained of 'hard times,' for we had made up our minds steadily to encounter them. We, of this day, must acquire the same habits, and we shall find the pressure the lighter, and the burden the more easily borne."

Of the early years of the life of Cyrus Griffin, we know little. He was sent abroad to be educated, and

studied in Edinburgh and London, and graduated in law at the Temple. The family of Admiral Sir John Griffin, seated at "Trexted," on the road from London to New Market, acknowledged relationship, and the American youth frequently visited there.

While at college at Edinburgh, Cyrus Griffin formed a friendship with a young man near his own age, Charles Stuart (Lord Linton), son and heir of the Earl of Traquair. Lord Linton invited young Griffin to make him a visit at Traquair House. There he met the Ladies Christina, Mary and Louisa, stiff young Scottish maidens, reared in dignified seclusion at their buttressed, historic home. We can fancy that this stalwart, frank, young American, with his cordial manner and merry words, was a revelation to the prim daughters of an earl. Lady Christina was at once attracted to the Virginia stranger; indeed, a mutual interest was simultaneous, unobserved at first by the noble father.

John, the sixth Earl of Traquair, Lord Stuart, of Traquair, Linton and Caberston, died in Paris, March 28, 1779, aged eighty-one. He married in 1740, Christian, daughter of Sir Patrick Anstruther, of Anstrutherfield, Baronet, relict of Sir William Weir, of Blackwood, Lanark, Baronet. He had by her, who died at Traquair, November 12, 1771, aged sixty-nine, an only son, Charles, Lord Linton, afterwards the seventh earl, and three daughters, Lady Christina, Lady Mary and Lady Lucy.

The eldest of this trio, hedged about by royal connection, historic family, and the pride of an earl, responded to the suit of Cyrus Griffin, in a remote and sombre castle; and, although an irate father and religious prejudice (she was a Roman Catholic) forbade a union, they, like two blind lovers of our own time, scorned every barrier, and were wedded. In an old scrap-book of James Lewis Corbin Griffin, a grandson of Cyrus Griffin, we find they were married at Traquair by a Romish priest; but there is also a tradition in the Griffin family that they fled from Traquair at night, and that the grand lady, unused to sudden journeys across a rough country, fell and hurt her slender ankle. Then her brave young lover bore her in his arms, mile after mile, until they reached a parson, who joined them in wedlock. The story goes, that in consequence, Lady Christina was always lame.

The marriage bond between Cyrus Griffin and his wife was for years in possession of Mrs. Mottrom Dulaney Ball, and was destroyed when the Ball mansion, in Fairfax County, Virginia, was burned, in 1886. No copy was preserved, but it is said that Benjamin Franklin's name was affixed to it; he was at the time agent for Pennsylvania, in London. If they married clandestinely the Earl soon forgave them, for their first son, named for his grandfather, was born at Traquair, in 1771. After the birth of their eldest son, Cyrus Griffin and Lady Christina came to Virginia and resided at Williamsburg,

and Cyrus Griffin forthwith became zealous for the "patriot cause."

He was a close personal friend of George Washington, who valued his judgment, for he asked his opinion upon the judiciary appointments of Virginia, wishing to know of him which he considered the fittest — Edmund Pendleton, George Wythe, Lyons or Blair. Griffin recommended Blair and Pendleton. Pendleton declined to serve, and Cyrus Griffin himself was then appointed.

Judge Griffin left the seclusion of Williamsburg in 1778, having been elected a delegate to the old Congress, and served till 1781. August 19, 1778, he presented the credentials of himself and colleagues; September 28, he voted upon the conduct of Silas Deane, and December 19, 1778, he signed the instructions given by Virginia to her delegates in Congress, authorizing that body that she was "ready and willing to ratify the confederation with one or more States."

Cyrus Griffin was president of the Supreme Court of Admiralty from its creation until its abolition.

He was re-elected to Congress in 1787, and served two terms, and was the last president of the Continental Congress. He and Lady Christina attended the inaugural ball of George Washington.

He was elected Judge of the General court by joint ballot of the Senate and House of Delegates, December 27, 1788, in the room of Beverley Randolph, who was elected Governor of Virginia. October 29, 1789, he took

the oath of privy councilor before Turner Southall, a Justice of the Peace for Henrico County, Virginia, and in the same year was made judge of the United States for the district of Virginia, which office he held until his death. He sat with Chief Justice Marshall in the trial of Aaron Burr.

The last years of the life of Cyrus Griffin were darkened by ill-health. He travelled extensively in the hope of recovery, and died in December, 1810. Lady Christina had preceded him to the grave three years.

Judge Cyrus Griffin had four children. John, who was a judge in the State of Michigan; Samuel Stuart, who married Sally Lewis, of Gloucestertown, Virginia; Mary, who married her cousin, Thomas Griffin, of Yorktown; and Louisa, who married Hugh Mercer, son of the famous General Hugh Mercer. Samuel Stuart Griffin, the second son of Cyrus, was educated in Scotland. He knew well and loved his mother's relations and spent much of his time at Traquair. His uncle, Charles Stuart, was then the seventh earl, and his first cousin was Charles, Lord Linton. His aunts, Lady Mary and Lady Lucy, were alive, and used their influence to bring him into the Roman Catholic faith. When an old man he used to tell his grandchild the weird tales of Traquair, where he had eaten the famous "haggis" and heard the mournful pipes. Many years after his return to Virginia, the Reverend Dr. Leyburn, of Baltimore, an eminent divine of the Presbyterian Church, and his wife, who was Louisa Mercer,

a granddaughter of Cyrus Griffin, visited their kin of Traquair House, bearing letters from Dr. Samuel Stuart Griffin to his first cousin, Charles Stuart, then the eighth Earl of Traquair.

The Traquair House, where Judge Griffin courted and won his wife, stands on the small stream of Quair, near its junction with the Tweed, and about a mile from Innerleithen. The house occupies a low position, shut out from extensive views by a circle of lofty hills on all sides, and immediately surrounded by a venerable forest. An ancient avenue of trees leading in a straight line from the front of the house for half a mile southwestward, is a particularly striking feature about the place. This avenue, which has been shut up for about two centuries, has a spacious entrance gateway with great pillars surmounted with bears supporting shields containing the Stuart Arms, and on either side are quaint gate lodges. The house and offices form three sides of a square, measuring about one hundred feet each way, and inclosed on the fourth side with a beautiful iron railing. Opposite this, is the main building, four stories high, having a frontage to the courtyard of about one hundred feet, and on the outward, or northeast face, of one hundred and twenty-two feet. The side wings are one story, with attics. The northwest side has an extra story on a low fall of land, containing the stables and offices, and a chapel with sacristy on the floor above. The wing on the east side contains a brew-house and other offices.

On the northeast front of the main building is a high terrace, seventeen feet wide, with steps leading to a lower terrace, and the park stretching to the Quair.

The eighth Earl of Traquair never married. When he died he left the estates of Traquair to his sister, Lady Louisa, who was also unmarried, and who died in 1876, aged one hundred years. At her death the press of the country was filled with anecdotes of the life of this ancient and highly respected lady, and also the heirship of James Lewis Corbin Griffin, son of Samuel Stuart Griffin, and only grandson (of the name) of Cyrus Griffin and the Lady Christina. The descent was so direct and close that his right, notwithstanding his being an alien, was about to be tested by law, but the expense of the proceedings was so enormous that the effort was paralyzed. An unusual scholar and a modest gentleman, he died at the house of a maternal kinsman at Lansdown, Gloucester County, Virginia, and it is from his valuable papers that this sketch is written.

In Eastern Virginia, about York and Williamsburg, there is not left one of the name of Griffin. There are, however, Mercers and Morrisses and Wallers, who are great-grandchildren of Cyrus Griffin.

James Lewis Corbin Griffin's sister married Stephen Orrin Wright, of Norfolk, Virginia, and had one child, Sally Lewis, who married Mottrom Dulaney Ball, of the same family as Mary Ball, the mother of Washington. Her son, Mottrom Corbin Ball, of Georgetown, is in truth next of kin to Charles Stuart, eighth Earl of Traquair.

CHAPTER XVIII

BOIT FAMILY

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Taking Book, 1784.

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I am largely indebted to Mr. Francis S. Sturgis, for tables of the Sturgis family.

There are no doubt many other Boston records that I have failed to examine.

ERRATA

PAGE 9.

The First Church was the John Cotton Church; first situated on the present State Street; next in Scollay Square; next in Washington Street, and then called the "Old Brick;" next in Chauncy Street; and now at the corner of Marlborough and Berkeley Streets.

The Second Church was an offshoot of the First Church, and was the church of the Mathers and Chandler Robbins. It was first known as the "New Brick Church" or the "Second Church." It was first in Hanover Street; next in Bedford Street; next it was moved and re-erected (all but its tower) in Copley Square; next it was situated at the corner of Beacon Street and Audubon Circle.

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Mrs. Louis Agassiz should read Mrs. Alexander Agassiz.

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